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COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

**The New H.K.**

Mr. Malcolm Macdonald's expressed conviction that colonialism has made the peoples of Hongkong and Sarawak "feel the utmost trust and friendship for Britain" may, in this present era of self-determination, self-government and political independence, sound a little old-fashioned, but it is not without justification.

The post-war years have brought a new meaning to the word colonialism, engendered very largely by a revitalised and more progressive form of colonial administration. This has been particularly noticeable in Hongkong which, among other things, has seen a pretty thorough overhaul of the administrative structure. In the higher departmental levels especially there are today very few square pegs trying to fit into round holes. General administrative efficiency has increased accordingly.

The present hesitation on the part of the people of Hongkong to seek constitutional reforms leading to some measure of self-government undoubtedly is attributable to the fact that Government has measured up to new and heavy responsibilities since the war. Comfort and satisfaction is derived from the knowledge that the Colony enjoys a benevolent form of government; that generally speaking administrative qualities are high; and that the Administration is prepared to listen to and respond to public opinion.

NOT all the credit for the "New Hongkong" belongs to Government. An important contribution has been greatly improved employer-worker relations, stimulated and to some extent guided by legislation aimed at bettering working conditions, notably in industries. The cry of "exploitation" is heard far less today than it was 15 and more years ago, and so far as the great mass of the Colony's population is concerned, it is fair to claim there is more contentment than ever before.

None of this, however, means there will never be a compellingly popular movement in Hongkong for a revised constitution. Undoubtedly one day there will be elected members serving on the Legislative Council. Eventually the community will have a bigger say in the running of the Colony. The important thing is it should train itself conscientiously for those responsibilities of the future.

# GREAT DAY FOR AUSTRALIA

*Win First Two Singles In Davis Cup Challenge Round*

## HOAD BLASTS TRABERT OFF THE COURT

Forest Hills, N.Y., Aug. 26.

Australia's kangaroo kids of the courts piled up an apparently unsurmountable 2 to 0 lead in the Davis Cup Challenge Round today when Lew Hoad blasted Tony Trabert, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 8-6 and Ken Rosewall wallop Vic Seixas, 6-3, 10-8, 4-6, 6-2.

The two 20-year-olds from down under stunned a sun-baked gallery of 12,000 with the power and precision of their attack as they swept the first two of the five matches which compose this tennis world series.

Now the whiz kids of the court need only one more victory to capture the Davis Cup, emblematic of world tennis supremacy. They can wind it up tomorrow if Hoad and Rex Hartwig beat Trabert and Seixas in the doubles and the odds are high that they will win one of Sunday's two final singles matches in which Seixas plays Hoad and Trabert tackles Rosewall.

The 25-year-old Trabert, a possible \$100,000 pro career hanging in the balance here and in the approaching nationals, swept through the first set in 19 minutes to win it, 6-4. He and the blond, 20-year-old, Hoad, both big hitters, each had only five aces but Trabert ran up his winning margin with 10 placements against Hoad's five.

Trabert erred only on points off Hoad's service the first three times the stocky Australian delivered. But Hoad gave away the first set in the seventh game after a whirling cross-court placement by Tony, as he netted two forehands and double faulted.

Trabert returned the favour, however, by giving away the second game of the 21-minute second set to lose it 3-6. Tony dropped service on a double fault and a netted volley and through the set had only seven placements compared with 13 for Hoad.

Despite a tumble which halted play momentarily in the fifth game of the third set, where he lost service, Hoad bounced back to take the set 6-3. He broke right back as Tony committed four errors and then blasted through Trabert's delivery again in the seventh and ninth games.

In the 14th game of the last set, Hoad cracked through as Trabert netted a pair of volleys after leading 30-0. Hoad thus wound it up 8-6, needing but one hour and 43 minutes for his triumph.

## HOW ROSEWALL WON

The wiry Rosewall, playing backhand volleys and the diminutive Aussie blistered a pair of placements past the on-rushing Philadelphia.

Seixas broke through again in the ninth game on a retted backhand placement, but lost his service in the tenth game on a double fault, a netted backhand volley and two over-drives.

Rosewall banked the set by breaking in the 18th game on an out volley and a swift volley placement.

Rosewall's own anxiety, to finish it off, betrayed him in a 25-minute third set as Seixas won it, 6-4.

Each had three backhand volleys and was passed on set point.

Each fired six aces, but Seixas had only five placements compared with Rosewall's 11.

In the second set, Seixas twice broke through to take leads of 3-2 and 5-4, but Rosewall immediately broke back and finally smashed Vic in the 18th game to take it 10-8.

The set required 49 minutes, with each whipping over eight aces, but Rosewall pounded home 31 placements against Vic's 18.

Seixas shattered his opponent's service in the fifth game on a double fault and a forehand volley, but Rosewall rammed right back as his backhand again crumbled at the net.

It seemed then as if he was handed the set as Ken Rosewall netted two volleys and smashed out twice to give him a 4-3 lead.

After that Seixas held service twice to save himself from what stacked up a shutout.

**COMPLETE MASTER**

Santiago de Chile, Aug. 20. The Chilean government announced today it would table a bill instituting the death penalty for striking hospital workers found to be responsible for the death of patients through lack of care. But parliamentary circles think there is little likelihood of such a measure winning approval.—Reuter.

Ken Rosewall, winner over Seixas in 9 of their 11 previous matches, again was the complete master with his solid shot making through the first two sets and even while Seixas was winning the third set he appeared ready to take command at any moment.

Seixas was keyed high for his important test but time and again blew brief advantages when a softer, safely played shot might have brought off a winner. His backhand volley proved vulnerable and he netted often, but he never quit probing for some weakness in his opponent's defence.

After the ten-minute rest, called after the third set, the Australian champ proved sharper than ever and swept the final set by breaking Vic's service twice.

Ken took a 3-1 lead in the 4th set by breaking service with a perfect forehand placement, and held a 5-2 lead going into

## FINAL WARNING FOR MUTINEERS

Khartoum, Aug. 26. Troops of the Sudan defence force will launch an offensive against mutineers in the Southern Sudan if they fail to accept the Governor-General's ultimatum by noon tomorrow.

Sir Knox Helm, the Governor-General, told the mutineers tonight that if they did not surrender within the time limit "you must take the full consequences of your refusal."—Reuter.

**Turkey's Stand  
On Cyprus Issue**

London, Aug. 26. Turkey declared here on the eve of the three-power Cyprus conference that it could never accept the demand of self-determination for Cyprus.

If any change is to take place

in the status of Cyprus, Turkey

believes that sovereignty on the island should revert to her.

United Press.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: A "Did It Happen?" story.

P. 6: The Amazing Rooter of Shifkey, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr: A topic in the game marked a hero's end; the last chapter of the Wingate story.

P. 7: Russell Spur, Daily Express correspondent, tells how he fell foul of the secret police of People's China.

P. 8: Kenneth Macaulay visits Auschwitz, the most hated place in the world; Leonard Mosley discovers the most amazing film double in Venice.

P. 13: Les Armour's profile of Arnold Toynbee.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports news.

## THE ARAB-ISRAEL PROBLEM

## TREATY GUARANTEES OFFER BY US

New York, Aug. 26.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, announced today that the United States was ready to join in formal treaty guarantees to prevent any forcible changing of Arab-Israeli frontiers "given a solution of other related problems."

In a major foreign policy speech to the Council on Foreign Relations, Mr Dulles said:

"President Eisenhower has authorised me to say that given a solution of the other related problems, he would recommend that the United States join in formal treaty engagements to prevent or thwart any effort by either side to alter by force the boundaries between Israel and its Arab neighbours. I hope that other countries would be willing to join in such a security guarantee, and that it would be sponsored by the United Nations."

## MAJOR PROBLEMS

Mr Dulles outlined the three major problems between Arabs and Jews requiring solution as:

1. The tragic plight of the 900,000 refugees who formerly lived in territory now occupied by Israel.

2. The pair of fear of renewed aggression in the Middle East that hung over Arab and Israel alike.

3. The lack of fixed permanent boundaries between the Israeli state and its Arab neighbours.

"These three problems seem capable of solution, and surely there is need," he said. "If these three principal problems could be dealt with then the way would be paved for the solution of others."

He also said: "It should also be possible to reach agreement on the status of Jerusalem. The United States would give its support to a United Nations review of this problem."

Mr Dulles said security in the Middle East and the removal of fear can be assured only by collective measures which commit decisive power to the deterring of aggression."—Reuter.

## Police Guards Fired On

Buenos Aires, Aug. 26. Unidentified riflemen in a passing car opened fire before dawn today on two Argentine policemen guarding the residence here of the US Ambassador, Albert Nufre.

About 15 shots were exchanged in the gang-style attack, but no one was hit. The attack was the 19th in a series of "hit and run" raids on policemen by assailants in night-prowling cars. Most of them have been bloodless. The Embassy said it planned no protest because the gunmen obviously were out to get the police, not the Ambassador.—United Press.

## Turkey's Stand On Cyprus Issue

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## HE MAKES INSECTS GROW YOUNGER!

Cambridge. There is something new under the sun after all—a living thing that has been able to reverse the advance of time and grow younger. Professor Vincent Wigglesworth discovered this fountain of youth, so to speak, in the unlikely body of a South American blood-sucking insect called *rhodnius*.

Other insects may have power, too, when someone like Dr. Wigglesworth waves the magic wand of science, but so far only *rhodnius* has been used to achieve what he calls "a certain amount of rejuvenation." And some day this could be exciting news for animals higher in the scale of things.

Dr. Wigglesworth, a cautious and eminent scientist, warned against assuming this possibility. Insects and mammals are far apart, he said, and what applies to one need never apply to the other. But he admitted he knew of no other case where a living thing, any living thing, had turned back time.

"In principle," he said, "it's the same thing as in the mammalian world, but only in principle. It will be interesting to see where it will all lead."

## May Take Years

The first steps have already been taken in that direction. Dr. Wigglesworth recently discussed with German research workers the complicated task of isolating the "juvenile hormone" which can prolong the youth of *rhodnius* or restore a measure of youth to the aging bugs.

It may take years. The same chemicals worked for 10 years to crystallise another hormone from *rhodnius*, the "moulting hormone" which controls the five stages of growth or moulting from larva to winged adult.

Other insects also produce these hormones and the juvenile hormone has been used to prolong the larva stage in them. Dr. Wigglesworth once developed giant larva this way and the late H. G. Wells, examining the experiment, murmured that he must have used "the food of the gods."

In his laboratory in the Zoology Department of Cambridge University, Dr. Wigglesworth discussed his fascinating studies of *rhodnius*.

He has joined the heads of young larvae together, put the head of a larva on the body of an adult, transplanted organs every possible way, even decapitated some—for *rhodnius* can live without a head and a single meal of blood can last it for a year.

## Not The Elixir

In the significant experiment, he treated an adult *rhodnius* with the blood of a moulting larva and the adult moulted, shed its skin. The new skin was also adult skin.

"But," said the professor, "if at the same time the *rhodnius* is supplied with plenty of juvenile hormone, it may show a partial reversal of metamorphosis and develop a skin like a larva." That is, a young skin.

It would be going too far to claim that we have discovered the elixir of life," he smiled, "but here at least is a hormone that will keep the larva of an insect permanently young and which, given to an aging insect, will bring about a certain amount of rejuvenation."

Dr. Wigglesworth's headless *rhodnius* lives several times the normal life span of the bug after treatment with hormones. "When you cut off their heads," he remarked, eyes twinkling, "they take things more easily. That's the easiest way to prolong life." — United Press.

## Archaeologists Will Put On Aqualungs

Athena. The Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, Mr. Sinclair Hood, has announced that a British team of archaeologists is to conduct underwater explorations off the coast of the island of Crete.

The team will use aqualung equipment for its underwater explorations.

Mr. Hood said there were indications of the existence of an ancient "breakwater" on the northern coast of Crete and probably wrecks of ships from the Minoan era. — China Mail Special.

## From London:

A New Plan To Check The Growth Of Suburbia In The English Countryside.

## From Ottawa:

A New Air Survey Expects To Change The Map Of Canada.

## From Cambridge:

A Professor Has Succeeded In Making Insects Grow Younger.

## From Athens:

Archaeologists Plan To Go Underwater To Seek The Treasures Of The Past.

## Britain Halts The City Sprawl With A New "Green Belt" Order

London. Britain is trying to avoid becoming one big suburb. The Government has instructed 140 urban areas to lay out "green belts" in which further city expansion would be prohibited.

## Asphalt Jungle

The action followed growing concern that the house-building rate—now 300,000 a year—would soon make an asphalt jungle of the countryside "a gain in further encroachment." He said the green belt plan would:

- 1) "Check the further growth of a large built-up area."
- 2) "Prevent neighbouring towns from merging into one another."
- 3) "Preserve the special character of a town."

## Checking The Sprawl

Mr. Sandys quoted: "The importance of checking the unrestricted sprawl of the built-up areas and of safeguarding the countryside against further encroachment." He said the green belt plan would:

Mr. Sandys timed his order to follow public horror over the just-released report on highway deaths in the first half of 1955. It showed an average of ten deaths a day on Britain's overcrowded highways, many of which are little more than an unending chain of neighbouring cities' main streets.

barely over 15 in the United States.

Mr. Sandys asked local governments to submit temporary green belt plans as soon as possible and prohibit further building in the areas until final action is taken.

## Compensation

"This procedure may take some time," he said. Meanwhile it is desirable to prevent further deterioration in the position."

The London green belt law, laid down after the war, provides financial compensation to landowners deprived of income from areas that might have been turned into lucrative factory and housing space. —United Press.

## THEY STILL MISTAKE HIM FOR "MONTY"

## Just as the Germans Did In 1944

OLD soldiers long out of battle dress have to throttle an impulse to freeze to attention and salute when they meet Meyrick Clifton James. He looks so much like Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery that one of the strangest tales of the war hangs on it.

And a suggestion for future Big Four conferences. James is the actor and lecturer who impersonated Field Marshal Montgomery when the Normandy landings were being prepared. President Eisenhower, then Supreme Commander, approved the great impersonation that threw the Gestapo into confusion and helped keep the secret of the timetable for the actual attack on Europe.

"So," said James humorously, "I was somewhat surprised to find the President and the other members of the Big Four going personally to Geneva to try to solve the world's ills in the excited, noisy, frantic, securitly-ridden atmosphere attending their meeting."

"I should have thought they would have sent doubles to Geneva and themselves met somewhere nice and quiet, perhaps down the lake at a small town or some other unexpected place. There they could have peacefully threshed out their meeting."

As proof, Mr. James cited his own experience. A clerk in the paymaster's office, he put on a Montgomery-like beret one day to clown for friends and newspaper ran his picture under the caption: "You're wrong!" Soon thereafter he got a phone call from Colonel David Niven, the movie star, asking whether he would like to help make

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



out their problems while their spys were appearing on balconies in Geneva or racing around town in limousines."

Mr. James pointed out that President Eisenhower must have been in favour of doubles to approve his acting for Monty.

"But it's probable," he went on, "that the major powers haven't even looked around for doubles for their leading statesmen. If not, now is the time. I think all world figures ought to have someone who can impersonate them if necessary. Saves wear and tear on the statesmen, for one thing."

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## Montgomery or . . . ?

at first blind, learn his mannerisms, even to eat his kind of meals.

"Are there any peculiarities in your diet?" Montgomery was asked on James' behalf.

"Certainly not," snapped Monty. "I don't eat meat. I don't eat fish. And I take no milk or sugar with my porridge. That's all."

## Sent To Africa

Finally, clad in an exact duplicate of Monty's outfit, James was sent to North Africa after British Intelligence let leak the news (to German ears) that Montgomery was making such a trip. Berlin in high excitement ordered its spies to make every effort to verify this journey, for if it was really making place it could only mean the "Allied Invasion was not yet ready."

The ruse worked perfectly.

Spies all the way to Algiers got looks at the man they believed to be Montgomery—and all the while Monty was in Berlin helping General Eisenhower set up the British command post for the invasion of Normandy.

## 162,000 Eggs Cooked At Once

## Sydney.

A lorry carrying 162,000 eggs, worth £4,500, crashed into a store at Caroar, 250 miles west of Sydney, and caught fire.

The driver, Noel Williams, aged 23, jumped clear before the crash. He stood and watched his egg cargo cooked to a cinder. —China Mail Special.

## Air Survey May Change The Map Of Canada

## Ottawa.

RCAF aircraft, flying from their Whitehorse, Yukon, base north of the 61st parallel, are correcting the map of Canada this summer.

Not much correction will be needed in the eastern sections of the map, but major alterations are likely in the lonely north, along the international Alaska-Yukon boundary and up to the ice-covered islands within the Arctic circle.

In the past, through aerial surveys of other parts of Canada, the old maps have been found to be as much as 30 miles out.

The complex, large-scale air survey of the Yukon now in operation is carried out by a detachment of the Air Force's largest squadron—the 408 Photo Reconnaissance of Rockcliffe. The planes will be up in the Yukon until the big freeze-up in September, when the almost unbroken Arctic day turns into continuous night.

## Radar Stations

The re-mapping survey involves the creation of radar stations on mountain tops by two-man teams and the men may remain in these isolated spots for three months at a time. For the aerial part of the survey, converted Lancaster bombers are making flights of up to 16 hours duration and 20,000 feet altitude.

What makes the aerial survey aircraft unusual is the amount of electronic equipment carried. Two radar operators are members of each crew and they keep in constant touch with a network of mountain-top short-range navigation stations called SHORAN.

The Yukon operation is expected to be completed before the continuous nightfall sets in, but there will be more work to be done after that to secure aerial surveys of the Arctic Islands as they are approached by the northern routes.

## He's Going To Ride A Flying Bicycle!

New York. A 67-year-old man plans to go flying this summer with a parachute, a bicycle and 200 small helium balloons.

With a good tail wind he believes he will be able to slide at 25 to 30 mph at an altitude of about 1,500 ft.

Generally a parachute is the slow way down from an aircraft and a bicycle is strictly second best. But Mr. Arthur Hartman at Burlington, Iowa, has blended them into what he calls the "Hartman Flying Saucer."

He has always had difficulty keeping at least one foot on the ground. He still is an active balloonist and plans to make at least eight ascents this summer. He is a former mid-air trapeze performer and has parachuted for pay about 500 times.

The "flying saucer" is something that has been in the back of Hartman's mind since 1907.

That year Mr. Hartman had a balloon entered in an air show at St. Louis but the fellow who sailed away with the \$10,000 first prize was a 15-year-old Ohioan identified as Cromwell Dixon.

## A Neat Trick

"Dixon flew a circle with his balloon, guiding it with flappers connected to bicycle pedals," said Mr. Hartman. "It was one of the neatest tricks I've ever seen."

Mr. Hartman has used Dixon's principle to construct his bicycle-balloon. He is ready for the maiden flight, needing only a sponsor.

Under a 28-ft. parachute he will place 200 balloons filled with helium. The frame of the bicycle is suspended under the balloons, the pedals operating a propeller in front and a sail fin at the back.

"Of course, it will fly," said Mr. Hartman. "To come down, I'll release the balloons one by one."

He estimated it would cost \$400 to take the contraption up. "That's why I can't give any demonstrations," he said. —United Press.

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SOCIALIST MP Mrs Bessie Braddock has a one-cat audience as she tries her luck fishing on Scarborough Pier. Like all House of Commons members, she is on holiday until the House reassembles in October. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET flew by helicopter from Caithness to Inverness to join the Royal family in the yacht Britannia. She is seen being greeted at Inverness aerodrome. The Royal family is spending the summer holiday in Scotland. (Express)



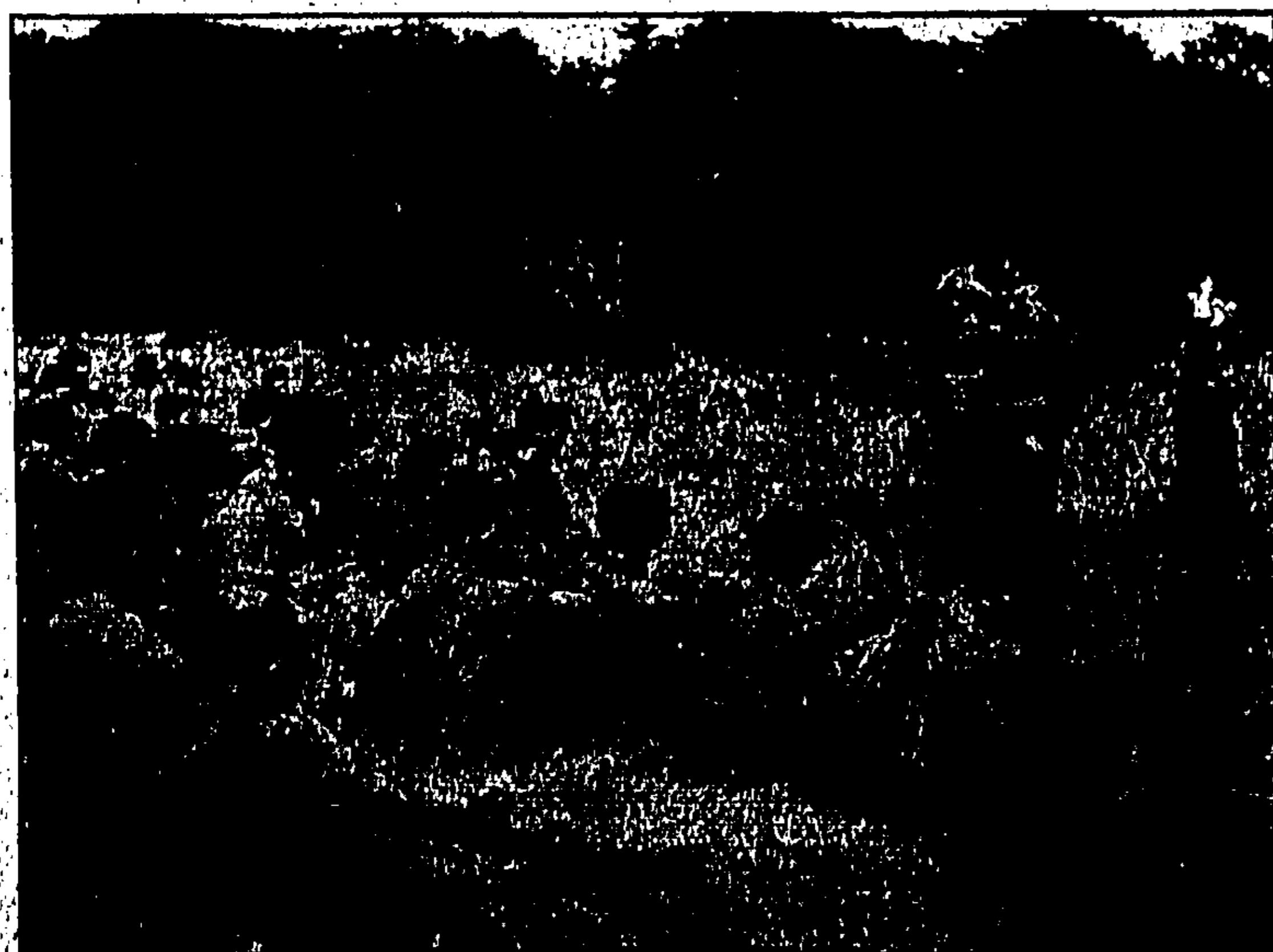
WHEN Dr and Mrs Mervyn Pembrey of Cambridgeshire were first married, they decided to have a family of six. But the children were all such good specimens that they changed their minds and decided to carry on and make it ten. Their eldest, Maureen (extreme right) is now 15, and the youngest, Shirley (left), is one. (Express)



A 32-year-old carpenter from Belfast, known in England as Danny Ryan, in Ireland as Domhnall Ó Ríain, told London pressmen his job in England was to raise funds and get recruits for the Irish Republican Party. He is seen at the door of his accommodation address in Hammersmith. He jumped into the news after the recent IRA arms raids. (Express)



FIELD MARSHAL Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Mr Anthony Head, War Minister, and Admiral Earl Mountbatten, First Sea Lord, enjoying a joke at Camberley during the annual conference of British Service chiefs. The conference this year was entitled "Exercise Onward," and discussed organisational problems to meet the needs of modern warfare. (Army News)



GENERAL Sir Lashmer Whistler, GOC Western Command, talking to troops of 159th Infantry Brigade in training at Stanford, Norfolk, during his tour of inspection. The troops are having a break before resuming their manoeuvres in the country-side. (Army News)

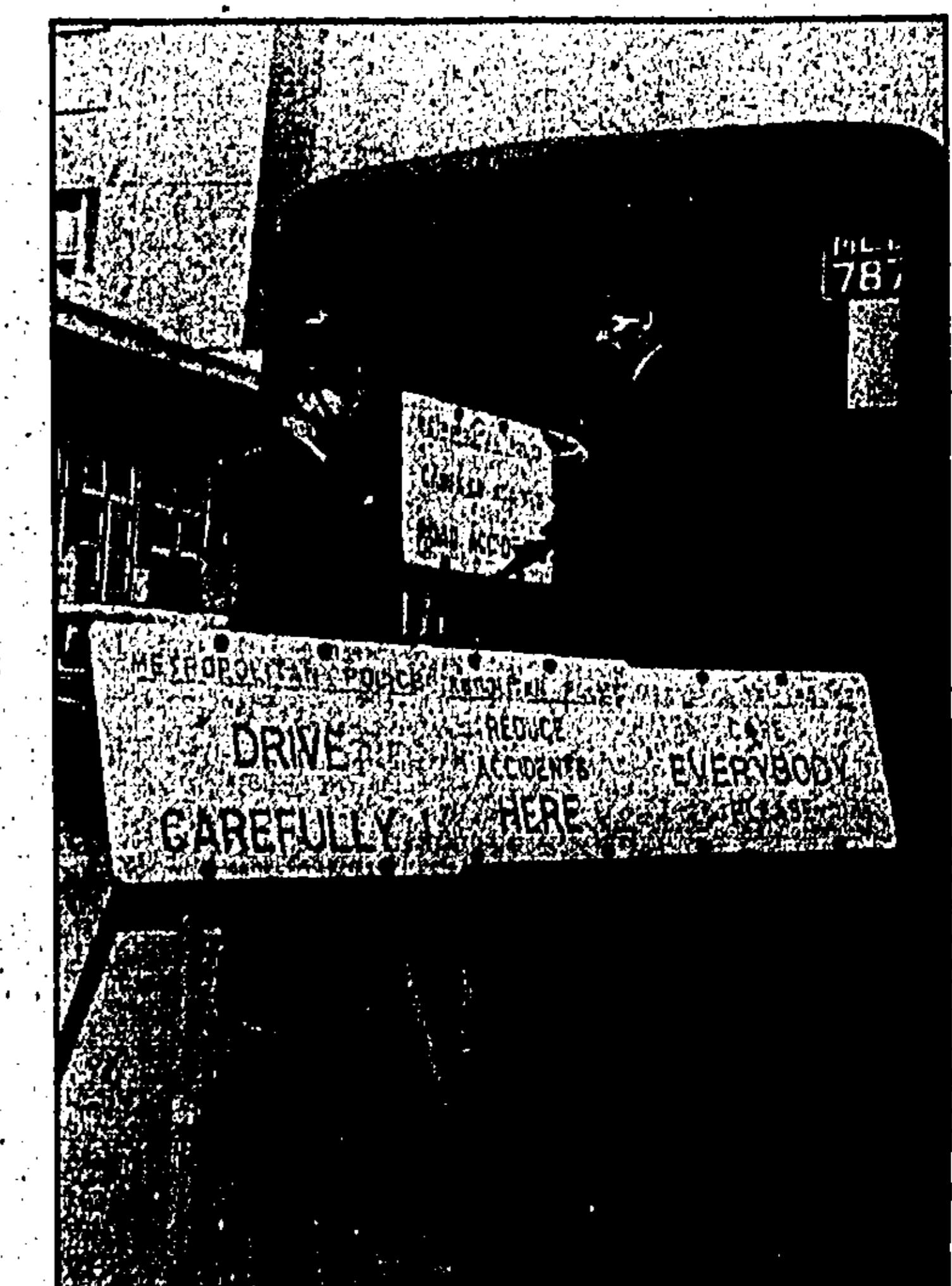
## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ORSON WELLES was not present at the world premiere in London last week of his new film, "Confidential Report," but many prominent film stars attended. Here are actresses Patricia Ryan (left) and Jacqueline Curtis at the premiere at the Warner Theatre. (Express)



ENGLISH-BORN comedian Bob Hope is a much photographed man. But of Mrs Hope and the family little is seen. After a short holiday in Italy, pater-familias has flown back to America, but Mrs Hope and the children are staying on at London's Savoy Hotel. From left: Tony, 15, Linda, 16, Mrs Dolores Hope, Kelly, 9, and Noa, 9. (Express)



LONDON'S Police have embarked on a new campaign to reduce the rising toll of road accidents. Portable signs exhorting motorists to drive carefully and show courtesy to one another are being displayed at black spots and approaches to them. (Express)

### NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC  
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES



"IF THE I.R.A. DIDN'T TAKE 'EM. WHO DID?"

London Express Service



## ROLEX

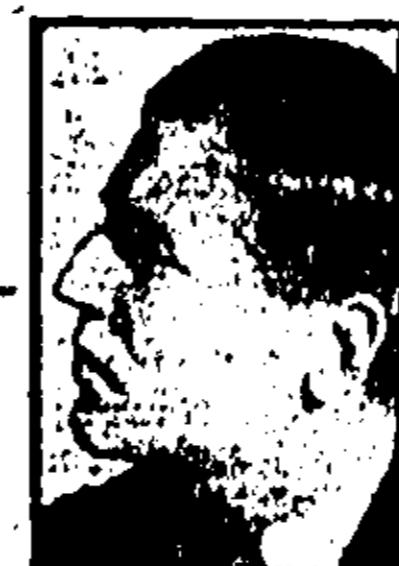
### OYSTERDATE PERPETUAL

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### THE ROLEX OYSTERDATE PERPETUAL

fulfils an urgent need for a selfwinding calendar watch of elegance and superb precision at a moderate cost.



by  
ARTHUR  
CALDER-MARSHALL

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL, author and traveller, has experienced schools at both ends; as a boy at St. Paul's and, after Oxford, six and a half terms as classics master. He left to write such books as "The Magic of My Youth. Forty-six, he married and has two daughters.

#### Sent packing

After they had gone for a few yards, they looked round as if their trust in humanity was so low that they could not believe their own eyes. When I made my baboon face at them, they scolded off.

That afternoon, I saw the two men walk by and stand outside the classroom where I was taking Roscoe's form. They saw me and I could see the surprise penetrate to their grey prison faces, before they turned away and walked off.

Next morning there wasn't a boy in St. Botolph's who didn't know that they had come back.

They were staying at the pub in the village and that afternoon they came up to watch the OTC inspection, two shabby men in greasy raincoats and brown pork-pie hats, shiny with age.

In the middle of the inspection, one of them cleared his throat so loudly that Roscoe looked furiously in their direction. And when he saw who they were, he dropped his sword.

That was the beginning of a lamentable performance, which the inspecting brigadier cut

great to bridge, he said: "For God's sake leave me alone." He half-pushed me out of the room and slammed and locked the door behind me.

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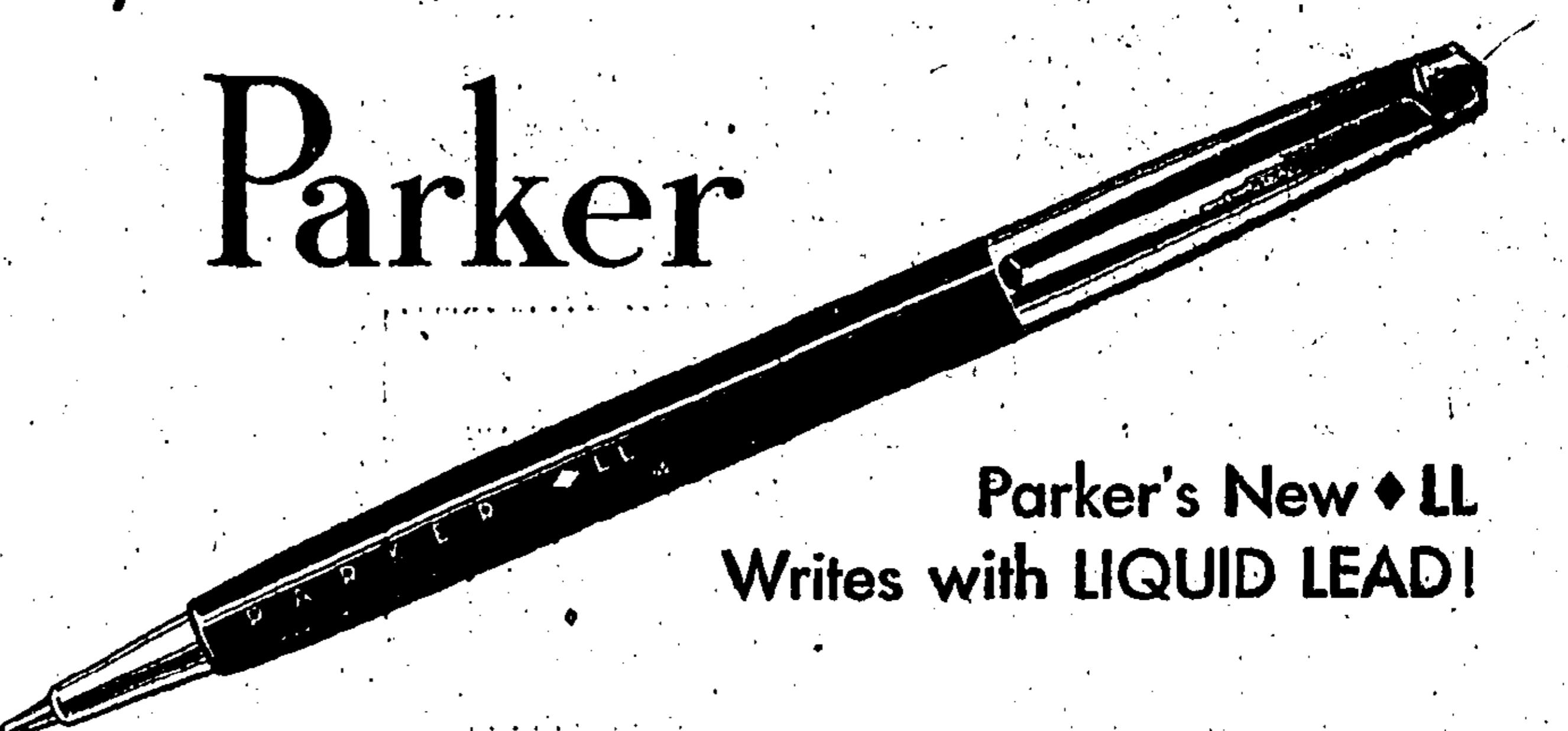
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---by

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Whenever Roscoe went to the window... there they were...

WHEN I was a young man I went to teach at St. Botolph's. The only respect in which St. Botolph's was like Harrow was that it was on the top of a hill. The hill was in the middle of England, six miles from anywhere, with the exception of a miserable hamlet depending on the school.

The Senior Classics Master under whom I was to work was a Mr. Roscoe, whom I disliked as heartily as he did me. Fluffy, petulant and womanly, he fussed down the corridors and exploded in the common room in little impotent bursts of rage. An absurd little usher he was, but not totally to be despised; for he was an excellent scholar in his pedantic way. Quite surprisingly good for that school. Almost, I said with malicious insight, suspiciously good.

#### A martinet

Of course, Roscoe was odd. Everyone admitted that. But perhaps it was the war. He had won a DSO and an MC and when I was there, he still commanded the OTC, corpulent and peppy on parade, a miniature of the martinet that H. M. Buleman favoured.

It took a couple of terms before I became accepted by most of the other masters. Acceptance meant entry into the circle of respect. I began to learn things about Roscoe. He came of a good family. One brother was a high court judge, another a naval captain.

"Of course, Roscoe was in orders," one told me. "Then something happened and he went to Australia. After the war, he thought it would have blown over. But it hasn't, of course."

I discounted the scandal, the prat of men marooned in mid-England with nothing better to talk of. But I consulted the back numbers of *Crockford*. And sure enough, there was the name G. St. C. Roscoe—an unusual combination of initials; and in 1909 the note Resigned Orders. I kept my ears open from then on.

#### Small legacies

Roscoe, I gathered, had received a succession of small legacies. But each time he came into any money, they—whooever they were—turned up again. "And the silly ass gave 'em until they made the mistake of bestowing him on the Judge's house." The judge had a son, and they got him—yes.



The men who knew what Roscoe had done a quarter of a century before.

short by suggesting that one of the company commanders should take over; at which point they took their departure.

They were very clever, having learned, I suppose, from their last attempt at blackmail. England was a free country and there was no law against their staying in the village. They made no demands on Roscoe. They just stuck around.

There was a public footpath across the meadow on to which the classrooms looked, and whenever Roscoe went to the window, there they were, the men who knew what he had done a quarter of a century before, the men he had put in gaol.

It was about a fortnight before the end of term when they appeared, just as we were getting ready to set examination papers. In a couple of days, Roscoe was looking so distraught that I approached him again.

"I could do your papers for you," I said. "If you want to go away."

"Go away!" For a moment I had got beneath his guard. "My dear Calder-Marshall, if you think the Head would give you the Classical Sixth, in my absence, you are very much mistaken."

If I had been older, I would not have walked away. I would have heard only the desperation in that voice, seen only perhaps in his desire to keep up his appearance.

I would also have known that the Head would have trusted me to take over Roscoe's work. Indeed, the Head did so that

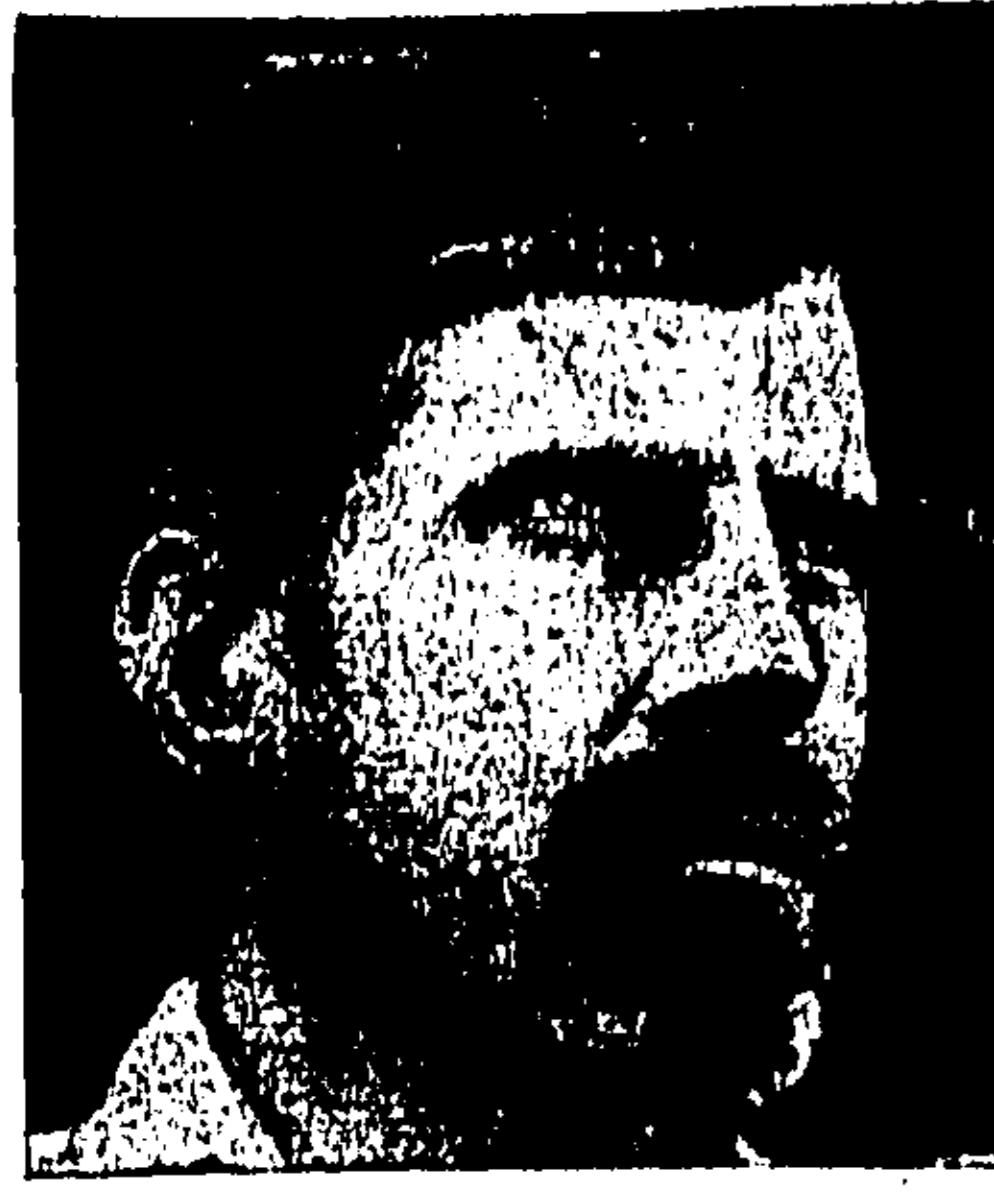
IDEA! Match your Parker "91" Pen with a new "91" LIQUID LEAD Pencil!

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES • NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday... when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by Arthur Gould Lee.

Did yesterday's story—by Land Charis, by G. A. G.—convincing? We sincerely hope! The answer is NO.



THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF WINGATE

The photographer was an unknown Army officer at Imphal. The picture was taken in a bamboo hut there two days before Wingate was killed.

ON the morning of March 19, 1944, Wingate called a conference of war correspondents and, with justification, talked of the triumphant progress of the Chindit operation.

"Everything we set out to do has been done," he said.

A few days after making this statement, Orde Wingate called Colonel Phil Cochran, the American commander of his air arm, to tell him he was off on another tour of the forward areas.

He flew first to Broadway in a Mitchell bomber, escorted by Mustang fighters. Then the party changed to light planes and flew to Aberdeen, where Wingate had a conference with his column commanders. He also visited Brigadier Calvert.

#### Change of mind

WHEN he got back to Broadway, Orde Wingate immediately put a call through to Cochran asking that the Mitchell bomber which had brought him in should be sent to pick him up. Cochran told him that it was already on its way.

It arrived and took him off without incident, and arrived in

• An aircraft crashed. And in the wreckage they found something that had become a symbol of Wingate and all that he stood for.

## A topee in the grass

... IT MARKED A HERO'S END

by Leonard Mosley

the late afternoon at Imphal. He had provisionally planned to spend the night there, but, as he abruptly changed his mind, he decided instead to go on to Lalaghat and talk to Cochran, and asked the pilot, Hodges, to be ready to take off. It was pointed out to him that the weather reports were bad. Hodges suggested that the flight be postponed but Wingate appears to have overruled him.

And so that evening, the Mitchell took off again and flew swiftly through the angry sky. That was the last that the weather reports were bad. Hodges suggested that the flight be postponed but Wingate appears to have overruled him.

Lieutenant Richard Benjamin, of U.S. Air Force, was flying home that evening from a bombing strike against the Japanese over the hills between him and his base at Hallikandi when he saw a pinpoint of bright light below him.

No one worried too much until the general's plane became overdue, and a swift check on all

revealed that he had made no calls at them, nor radioed his position.

Next morning, at first light, Colonel Alison took off from Lalaghat with Lieutenant Benjamin, as his observer, and they passed over the thickly wooded hills. In a small clearing, as they came low, they found wreckage and it looked like the debris of a large plane.

When they returned they made out their report, and a British

volunteer force, led by the senior chaplain of the Chindits, immediately set out.

It was a long, difficult hazardous journey, but they found the remnants at last. There were no survivors. Nor were any of the victims recognisable, for the crash had been violent and had been followed by fire. But they did find two identifications that made them sure that among the charred and pathetic heap were the remains of the man who had once been Orde Wingate.

No one worried too much

until the general's plane became overdue, and a swift check on all

revealed that he had made no calls at them, nor radioed his position.



crashing and that he was going to die. Could this really be the will of God?

And yet might it not be that, cruel though it reads as I write it, the moment of Orde Wingate's death was the right one? That God was being magnanimous?

#### It was kind...

WINGATE was determined, after the war was over, to involve himself in Israel's struggle for independence, and there seems little doubt that he would have disobeyed the Army's order to stay out of Palestine.

But in the Jewish-Arab War, the vital battle for the establishment of the State of Israel, would the Jews really have chosen Orde Wingate to lead them, as he believed? My own conversations with Jewish leaders and Jewish soldiers make me doubt it. This was a Jewish war for independence which only a Jew could lead.

And that would have been tragic for Orde Wingate. He never, the whole time he was in Palestine, took an order from the Jews but always gave orders and expected obedience to them, no matter how distinguished the soldier or statesman. He insisted on being in command. Would he, or could he, have taken a subordinate position and accepted orders?

As I retraced Wingate's wandering through Palestine, years after their War of Independence was over, I sensed, as a non-Jew, that what the Jews were willing of God was kind to Orde Wingate when he let him die in the jungle in Burma in 1944. The Jews would not have chosen him. And when 1948 came, he may well have died in a more painful way from a broken heart. He was at least spared that.

Instead, it was his spiritual rather than his bodily presence which heartened the Jews when the battle came, and has given them courage and inspiration ever since.

It was an ironic time that God had chosen for his death. For the first time he had come within scaling distance of the power and military glory for which he had been seeking all through his life, the prestige and the position through which he planned to do so many things.

For once things were going well with him.

#### Chaplain led

THERE in the hills near Bishenpur the search party, led by Chaplain Perowne, conducted a simple service and buried them all in a common grave, and marched back through the jungle carrying the heavy load of the news.

For days afterwards the death of Major-General Wingate was a topic of the war. The Jews were trying to tell me that was the will of God kind to Orde Wingate when he let him die in the jungle in Burma in 1944. The Jews would not have chosen him. And when 1948 came, he may well have died in a more painful way from a broken heart. He was at least spared that.

Instead, it was his spiritual rather than his bodily presence which heartened the Jews when the battle came, and has given them courage and inspiration ever since.

#### A covenant

AT the height of the Jewish-Arab War his wife came to Israel with her young son. She was flown over to the Jewish settlement named Yemin Orde (after Wingate) at a moment when it was being attacked by Arabs from Syria. She had Orde Wingate's Bible with her, and wrote in the titleleaf:—

"7.5.48. To the Defenders of Yemin Orde. Since Orde Wingate is with you in spirit, though he cannot lead you to the flesh, I send you the Bible he carried in all his campaigns and from which he drew the inspiration of his victories. May it be a covenant between you and him, in triumph or defeat, now and always."

She flung it out of the plane and it was picked up by the settlers, who fought back and repelled the invaders. And in the ensuing weeks, all over Israel, Jewish soldiers were fighting as he had taught them, with the tactics he had instilled into them.

So, at least in spirit, he did command the armies of Israel when the great battle came. He probably realises now that it was the will of God, and it was better that way.

#### (WORLD COPYRIGHT)

THE statesmen and the people at home were beginning to hail him as a leader of men; and the men themselves, as with the Jews in Palestine in 1939, and the Ethiopians in 1941, were grateful to him and dedicated to his service in a special way that only members of a fighting unit can appreciate.

For a man who had stood for so long in the draughty corners reserved for social misfits, that was a welcome revolution in his life. It was all turning out all right after all, and the God in whom he so implicitly believed was at last helping him along the road towards his destiny.

His destiny remained the same as it had been ever since 1933, when he had his first moment of revelation in Palestine. Nothing was so important to him as to return to the Holy Land to take over the army of the Jews and lead them to victory.

And so it must have been a moment of frustration, of disbelief, and possibly even of anger that he experienced on the night of March 24, 1944, when he realised that the plane was

on its way to Broadway.

The Wingate serial has been adapted from GIDEON GOES TO WAR, published by Arthur Barker.

A teenage girl wrote to a Bishop...and that was the beginning of the downfall of Harold Davidson

## The Amazing Rector Of Stiffkey

One Of The World Strangest Stories  
Told By C.D.T. BAKER-CARR



HAROLD DAVIDSON

"Removed, deposed and degraded"

stock coat, raised his voice in protest. Silently and solemnly the dignified procession passed him by. Not a head was turned towards the ex-Rector, protesting his innocence in a thin, high-pitched voice.

When the robed dignitaries had gone Mr Davidson stood for a moment dazed. Then they turned out the lights and he walked slowly, as a man stricken, into the shadows of the beautiful cathedral.

He soon recovered his usual pecky confidence and spent that night motoring back to Blackpool, and his money-making interests there. For he had not awaited the issue of the long-drawn-out trial to make such capital as he could of his adventure. He was an insatiable lover of personal publicity—and he knew how to find it.

★ ★ ★

He returned to his old love, the world of entertainment. From 1904 until 1903 (when he was ordained) he had toured the country giving humorous recitals in the style of George Grossmith, Corney Grin and Clifford Harrison, earning as much as £1,000 a year.

During adjournments in the trials he gave several such recitals to pay for his defence. Then in September 1932, during the time between the trials and his unroaking he exhibited himself in a giant barrel at Blackpool.

For twopence a time visitors streamed past at the rate of 1,000 an hour, just to peer at, or perhaps speak to, the Rector through the iron grille and its glass front.

Local dignitaries protested and the police summoned him in his barrel for causing a public nuisance and obstruction. The Chief Constable warned that angry members of the crowd were threatening to roll the barrel into the sea.

So that particular exhibition was over. He tried sitting on a chair between two barrels, but local feeling became ugly once more. In October he was back on show, this time in a glass cage inside a shop on the sea front. It was still twopence a time and the money was rolling in to pay old debts and the cost of an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

★ ★ ★

The day after his degradation at Norwich he said: "I am going on with this fight as I live to be 100." And he certainly tried.

In 1935 he sat in his glass box and fasted. The police arrested him. He was charged that he "...did unlawfully fast with intent then feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder himself."

Mr Davidson, a tiny, grey-haired man in clerical collar and his immediate reaction—with his eye still on the "front page"—was: "I may undergo another fast for a few days now to establish my right to starve where I like, when I like, and for as long as I like."

He was debarred from performing on the stage by the Variety Artists' Federation, of which he was once self-styled chaplain and member.

After starving he tried "freezing"; and after that he tried "roasting"—lying on his side in a glass coffin while an automatically-controlled model of the Devil prodded him with a pitchfork.

The following year, in the summer of 1937, the ex-Rector's health was failing. His appeal to the Archbishop had been turned down; his friends were openly calling him a pestilential nuisance, and money was still too short.

(Continued on Page 19, Col. 5)



He preached sermons from the inside of a lions' cage and was mauled to death.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

#### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



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THIS was the wrong type of picture to take, according to the Chinese Communists. It is of a one-eyed man tending a sick child at a small fruit stall in a Canton main street. It was after this picture was taken that my guide remarked: "These are not representative of the Chinese people."—Spurr.

## CONCLUDING "THE GARBO STORY" REPORTED ROMANCES WITH MAMOULIAN, COWARD, STOKOWSKI

By MICHAEL RUDDY

Hollywood. In 1934 Garbo made the columns and the headlines again in a reported romance with Rouben Mamoulian, who directed her in "Queen Christina."

They were motorizing through Arizona, a part of the West she had never seen; of course, this romance was as torrid (so said the Hollywood gossips) as the desert heat in those parts.

In 1936 Garbo was reported "in love" with Noel Coward after they met at a dinner party in Stockholm. "Oh, I'm simply mad about the gal," Mr. Coward was quoted as quipping, with a neat play on words of one of the songs he had composed.

It seems they danced a tango together at this party and there was a brief whirlwind of dates. Before he returned to London, he sent her a basket of orchids. Perhaps as a souvenir of their dance together.

Actually it was just a charming meeting for both.

### Man Of Music

Next it was a man of music who came into her life. None other than the fainboant, effervescent conductor, Leopold Stokowski.

In the summer of 1937 Stokowski came to Hollywood to score and conduct the music for a film.

Through Anita Loos ("Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") he met Garbo, gave her a terrific "pitch," and soon the 55-year-old matron was doing rumbas with the 32-year-old film star.

Great stir for the columnists and the Sunday feature writers. Came October of 1937, and Stokowski said: "Miss Garbo has a group of friends, and I am a member of this group. There is positively no question of marriage."

Looking back, I would say he found out quickly, as quickly as he courted the tall Swedish actress, that she simply wasn't in the mood for marriage, no matter what destiny dictated.

In March 1938, Garbo and Stokowski were in Italy, staying at the Villa Cimbrone, near Ravello. It was a Roman holiday for the reporters from Naples and Rome. After being chased and harassed by news photographers and newsmen, Stokowski consented to separate interviews in the library of the villa.

He met the journalists first, curtly denied romance and/or marriage-plans, and left the room.

### Fruit Juices

Entered Garbo, wearing a blue gabardine suit, yellow cashmere pullover, a blue silk scarf round her hair.

"No," she replied to questions, "I'm not going married."

"What about the future? Don't you want to marry some day?"

"I would not know," she replied. "There seems to be a law that governs all our actions, so I never make plans." End of interview.

In June of 1939, while she was doing "Ninotchka" under the brilliant guidance of the late Ernest Lubitsch, she met Gavert Klaes, diet adviser and living cinema actress. It is an vigorous exponent of the youth-views enough that you have



Can you recognise her? Garbo, with dark glasses, arriving in Rome.

and-beauty-giving properties of vegetable and fruit juices.

She happily munched raw carrots and quaffed gallons of celery and pomegranate juice at his bidding.

The fact is Garbo all her life has wanted to do the bidding of a strong-willed man or woman.

Lubitsch once told me that Garbo was the easiest, most malleable actress he had ever directed.

At the present time, I'm told, she sees three men: Allen Forster, a bachelor fiftyish, who arranges private showings of her films and any others she wants to see at the Museum of Modern Art; George Schlee, couturier Valentine's husband, and the urbane Baron Erik Goldschmidt-Rothschild, 62, connoisseur of paintings, well-to-do, and certainly with no marriage gleam in his eyes.

Garbo and Baron Rothschild enjoy a pleasant companionship.

Resolved in dining quietly at expensive restaurants, visits to art exhibits, shopping for art objects on Madison Avenue, and meeting artists and writers.

### Living Simply

In 1952—summer, I believe it was—she spent some time with Cecil Beaton, who had photographed her during his American visits. It was through him that she met Princess Margaret—apparently a mutually pleasant experience.

Will she return to Hollywood?

"I'm sure she will," says her old friend and my neighbour, Harry Crocker, "and she's always welcome at my house." But I don't think she'll ever make another movie."

Why should she?

At the end of this year, a trust fund established for her by her manager, Harry Edlington, now dead, will mature.

A financial expert tells me she will collect the equivalent of £30,000 a year for the rest of her life.

Living simply as she does in New York, this should satisfy her needs. With this income she can live her own life.

Happy? As happily as a woman born and brought up in a Stockholm slum, knows how to live it.

In December of 1937, a leading American theatrical and film critic wrote in an open letter to Garbo:

"If you have become today as many think, the greatest

and vigorous exponent of the youth-views enough that you have

# THIS PICTURE GOT ME INTO TROUBLE

Welcome aboard

THE plain clothes man should have been a warning. He picked me up at the Communist station across the Hongkong border.

I hardly noticed him, slipping patiently through pamphlets on the propaganda bookstall. But when the Canton train came in he took the next seat and stretches out asleep.

At least he seemed asleep. Each time I glanced his way, his eyelids fluttered.

He was so obviously a policeman. He carried no luggage. And that's something a travelling Chinese is never without.

Still, this was my second visit to China. The first time in January had been in the middle of the Tachen crisis.

Now Peking was glowing with peace and goodwill—policeman or no, things would be easier.

I was never more mistaken. China had changed in the past five months. The war drums had been silenced, but a new hymn of hate was being ground out by the busy propaganda machine.

Counter-revolutionaries, not American imperialists, were the main enemy. And a new purge was getting into high gear.

Everyone was suspect. Especially a rather over-

"They are as representative as anything else," I replied. "You must and after a half hearted search observe our regulations." In Mistake number three.

I was reported to the Secret Police for "unreliable conversation."

I learned what happened afterwards from foreign Communists in Peking.

The Secret Police sent an urgent signal to the Communist capital describing the activities of an apparently dangerous character. They demanded the immediate confiscation of my equipment.

At least he seemed asleep.

The Foreign Ministry summoned me with some embarrassment. It was on their recommendation that I got my second visa; the first ever granted to a European reporter. They now stood to lose a lot of face.

The Liaison Officer shame-facedly cooked up a story about Correspondents being allowed only a limited amount of photographic equipment. Since my case was "rather complicated" would I please take my cameras immediately to the Secret Police Headquarters?

Two more plain clothes men were awaiting me with relish. They checked in the cameras and cross-questioned me about my supplies of film.

Counter-revolutionaries were the main enemy. And a new purge was getting into high gear.

Everyone was suspect. Especially a rather over-

He went on to the suitcases' licence," he said. "You must and after a half hearted search observe our regulations." In Mistake number three.

He waved me over the frontier bridge past the grim little guards of film away without an export. (End of Series. Copyright.)

SO DID THESE. The top picture of a food vendor was taken along the Canton waterfront. A working man having his meagre lunch of two ounces of rice and a spot of green veg. Below are two seamstresses at work on a pavement.—Sputnik.



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## RUSSELL SPURR falls foul of the Secret Police in the People's China

confident British correspondent festooned with cameras and a particularly sinister machine.

The plain clothes man sat up with a jerk when I first spoke into mid-air. The train was rolling towards Canton and I noticed the village watch towers glowing mellow in the afternoon sunshine.

I turned on the small wire recorder which hung like a camera from my shoulder and dictated a note or two into the tiny microphone attached to my shirt.

The policeman watched warily the rest of the journey as I sat blithely dictating. Next day, I met him coming out of my hotel room. When I got upstairs I found my room had been searched.

Just as a precaution I packed them into my hair oil packing carton. The cuttings from Communist newspapers and propaganda cartoons dealing with the new purge were concealed in books and pamphlets in my luggage.

I got the cameras back at the Hongkong frontier. They were still sealed with the small red stamp of the Peking Secret Police.

But I nearly lost the films.

The Customs Officer asked "Have you any exposed films?"

"No," I said.

"Where are they?"

"I gave them to a friend," I lied. "He sailed from Shanghai early this week."

The Customs Officer looked surprised.

"Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to get them out ahead of me for quick development. Did I do anything wrong?"

He began to search my baggage, lunging straight for the toilet case that contained the hair oil carton.

I began to wonder what kind of confession I would have to make.

"These are not representative of the Chinese people," she told me.

"That's only my shaving gear," I said a little hoarsely.

THESE are the type of pictures the Chinese Communists wanted me to take. Happy model workers boating on an ornamental lake, and more happy model workers playing soccer in the new sports stadium in a Canton suburb.—Sputnik.

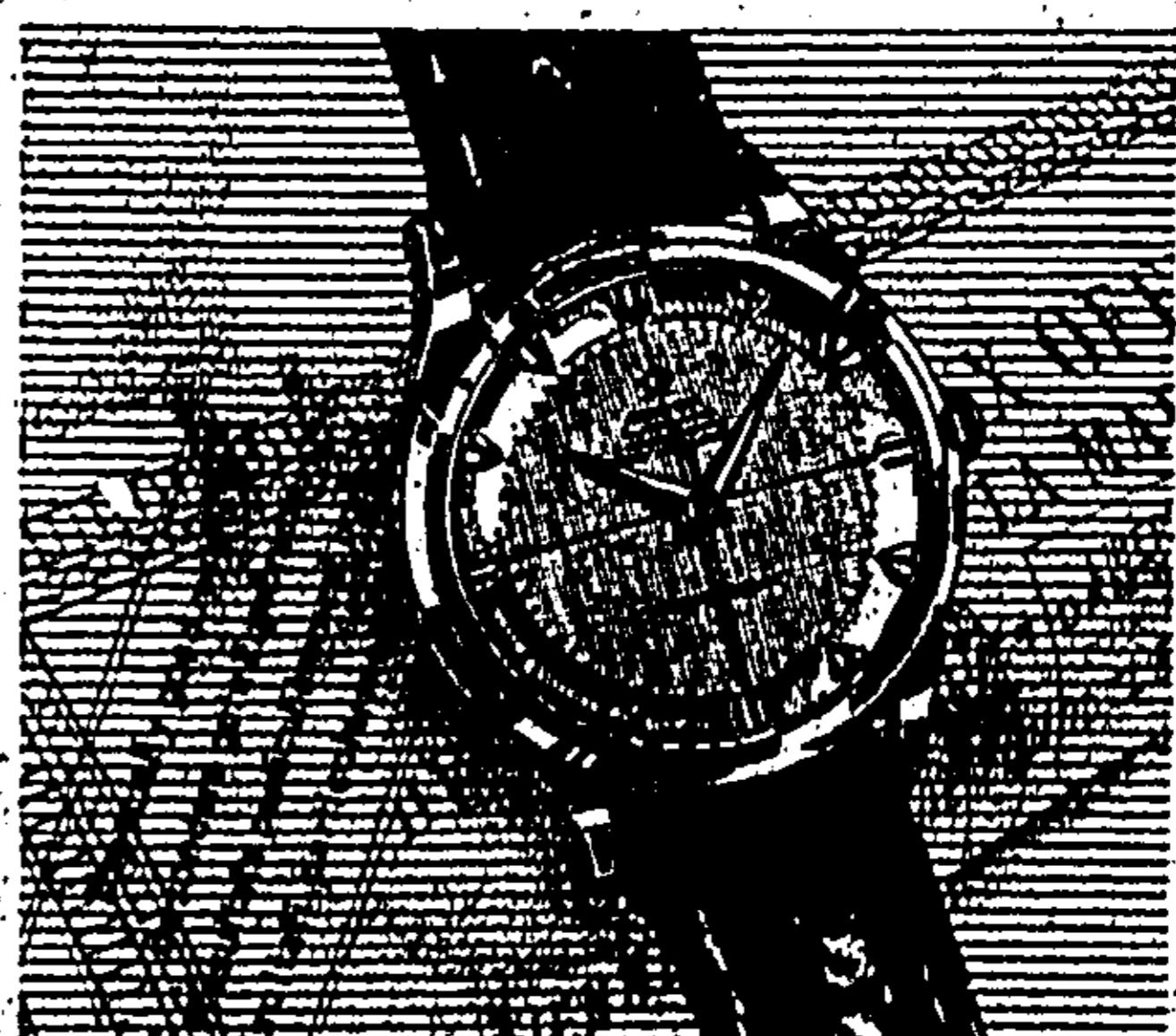


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# I take a trip to the most hated place in the world

FOR a matter of 65 years you can take an excursion train from the old Polish capital of Krakow to a small Silesian village which is nothing except that it bears the most hated name in the world.

It is called Auschwitz. Here are the remains of a prison camp which became, perhaps, the greatest tragedy of our age. Here 4,000,000 people of 28 nations died miserably or were killed by men of the German S.S. Corps.

Neither Belsen, Dachau nor any other wartime camp can match this holocaust, and memories of how these people came here are dividing many of their descendants in Israel today.

## GROVE without birches

IT is a pleasant walk from the little country station, past fields where the corn stalks are bowed with their weight of grain.

But knowledge of what happened beyond the bend of this lane oppresses the heart intolerably.

Of the three camps in which this legion of Jewish and Polish men, women, and children died, the first, enclosing 40,000 lives,

by KENNETH MACAULAY



For where the line ends and on each side of it were gas chambers and crematoria.

Little remains for the tripper to see of the gas chambers and crematoria. The Germans wrecked them before they ran for their lives.

But you can peer about among the ruins if you like and trace the ferocious ingenuity with which the Germans worked. They say that the record was 24,000 people gassed and burned in one day.

You leave the camp through the gate in the electrically barbed wire fence on which women prisoners in countless numbers threw themselves to escape the horror that awaited them when they became too ill or too weak to work.

Auschwitz village children have damaged the wire somewhat in recent times, crawling through in chase of butterflies.

Beyond the gate and just to catch the eye is a large and sombre stone urn whose inscription dedicates it to the people of Israel. Here are enclosed the ashes of the last victims to be destroyed before the crematoria fires went out.

It is moving in its simplicity and symbolism. The railway track ends abruptly at the very foot of this urn, so that death stands now and for all time at the end of the line—just as it did 10 and more years ago for the millions who were brought to this place.

It was quite dark outside. A brilliant Cyclops' eye shone from a watchtower searchlight. One's shadow grew fantastically longer and longer on the walk between the lines of Lombardy poplars, with the darkened prison buildings keeping ordered rank in the rear.

There was no sound but the stumbling of feet on the rough stone road. An engine on the dead railway hooted far away.

Outside the camp and back on the road to this place of four million dead the corn stalks were still in procession... and one was glad of their company.

(COPRIGHT)

## BUNKS like trays

THE tripper from Krakow walks through this innocent-looking gateway into wide green lanes dividing the brick-built huts.

A young Pole, Theodore Thomas, who was only 18 when this place was built, led the way into one of the huts, 45 yards long by 14 yards wide. Along each wall and occupying the centre space of the building were trays 8ft. square in tiers of three.

These were the bunks. In each tray slept 12 women who had six inches of bare board on which to lie. The weakest crawled into the lowest berth awash with mud and filth. Only the stronger could make the effort to reach the upper bunks 4ft. and 8ft. above the floor.

This hut was shelter for 1,200. It was heated through the bitter Polish winter by two brick stoves hardly big enough to boil a nightwatchman's tea can.

## AUSCHWITZ—THE GATES THAT LED ONLY TO DEATH



Above the gates a sign... "Freedom through work"

but somehow fascinating, model of a gas chamber crematorium. There is a huge pile of capsules which contained a chemical called Zyklon. Twelve tons of this generated enough hydrogen cyanide gas to kill 2,000 people.

But one is not prepared for the scene on the next floor. Here, in a great room and behind an expanse of glass as big as four Oxford Street shop windows put together, are the pitiful personal possessions of thousands who died at Auschwitz.

Countless battered suitcases, bags, and grips bearing the names of those who were duped by the rest camp promise stare from behind the glass.

Her tall, dark father was born in Belgium and is today one of the richest men in Italy. His firm controls factories, shops, chafers of hotels. Her fair-haired mother is a fascinating and charming woman, and her 19-year-old sister is a delicately lovely blonde.

LIKE KELLY she went Italian film industry. I can to the best schools in turn even a laundry girl into Florence and Switzerland, a genuine lady on the toured Europe, turned up at screen.

"That, signor," replied Jacqueline, "is all right. But I will really believe in your talent when you tell me you can make a film in which you turn a lady into a genuine laundry girl."

LIKE KELLY, she went into film against her parents' wishes.

The first time she was introduced to a director, he offered her a part. "Don't

worry about not knowing how to walk, move her face anything about it," he said. "I am the Pygmalion of the voice preceded her debut.

In fact, it is a seamstress in a mountain village that Jacqueline stars in her first film, "I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU." Four years in dramatic school, learning

Italian, French, and English fluently.

HER REPLY

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There seems no doubt that Jacqueline Collard can now have the career in films she wants... if she wants it. But like Kelly again, she is an independent girl. The parts will have to please her if the film men want her to play them.

When you have talent, charm, intelligence, and a rich family too, you can afford to choose your own path to fame.

(COPRIGHT)

LEONARD MOSLEY, back from Venice, reports a lovely new face on the Lido, and the year's most striking film 'double'

## Another GRACE!

## Another KELLY!

I MET her in Venice on a quick trip to Italy last week-end—a gay girl with an exquisite figure, a sensitive mouth, a voice like a dove, and the friendliest and most expressive eyes I have ever seen.

Her name is Jacqueline Collard. She is the answer to the Italian film industry's prayer, and wherever film folk gather in Rome or on the Lido these days everyone calls her Italy's Grace Kelly.

The parallels are striking.

LIKE KELLY, Jacqueline comes from a rich, talented, and striking handsome family.

Her tall, dark father was born in Belgium and is today one of the richest men in Italy.

His firm controls factories, shops, chafers of hotels. Her fair-haired mother is a fascinating and charming woman, and her 19-year-old sister is a delicately lovely blonde.

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Says Charles Fawcett, an American actor who stars with her in the film: "It's astounding to see her in the part. Here's a girl who is so graceful in real life she could be a mannequin. But when she walks in the film she walks like a country girl would—flatly, solidly.

## NO FAKE TEARS

"In one scene, Jacqueline's supposed to run towards the camera, crying. She really cried as she did—it no fake tears but real, heart-breaking sobs.

"And you know what Italians are. By the time she got to the camera, why, there we all were, director, camera-men, extras, lookers-on—all crying our hearts out, too."

There seems no doubt that Jacqueline Collard can now have the career in films she wants... if she wants it. But like Kelly again, she is an independent girl. The parts will have to please her if the film men want her to play them.

When you have talent, charm, intelligence, and a rich family too, you can afford to choose your own path to fame.

(COPRIGHT)

JILL CRAIGIE asks a question that must occur to every housewife at some time or other...

## WHAT IS A GOOD WIFE WORTH?

• More than rubies, said Solomon

• Much less than husbands-to-be, say juries

about to be married, their loss is considered a knock-out blow. As husbands, judges and juries hardly know what to make of them. Time and again the woman who uses another woman for enticement of her husband has been awarded three to four thousand pounds damages or reduced to have it halved, quartered or reduced to a farthing on appeal.

Perhaps the attitude of most people has been best expressed by Mr Justice Hibbert. "It seems such a pity," he said, when Mrs Spector claimed damages against Mrs Sol alleging the luring away of her husband, "to deal with unhappiness of this kind by means of litigation."

## Who To Blame?

All the world knows that in relationships between men and women to be legally in the right is not necessarily to be morally in the right. Who can possibly assess the causes of falling in and out of love? Considering how often frustration in love is physical in origin, how can judges and juries know who is to blame? If that is, blame can never be fairly attributed solely to one of the partners?

In allowing people to seek monetary compensation for the loss of a mate, marriage is not only degraded but the administration of justice becomes a farce.

If by now, women are slightly more aware of their low rating in law, men have nothing to shout for. Tournaments of justice need not appear to be about. As Prince Charming

(COPRIGHT)

There's a rustle of excitement...

Women as well as men are "moving up" to self-winding Eterna-Matics, the watches with a future and a flair. These aristocrats of automatic timepieces combine elegance and classic simplicity with quality and technical superiority. It is no secret that automatic watches keep time more accurately than stemwinders. But the Eterna-Matic for men as well as women excels—even among selfwinders. Known as "the watchmaker's watch", it owes its enduring precision to its unique system of automatic winding on a ballbearing that makes it the most modern watch in the world.

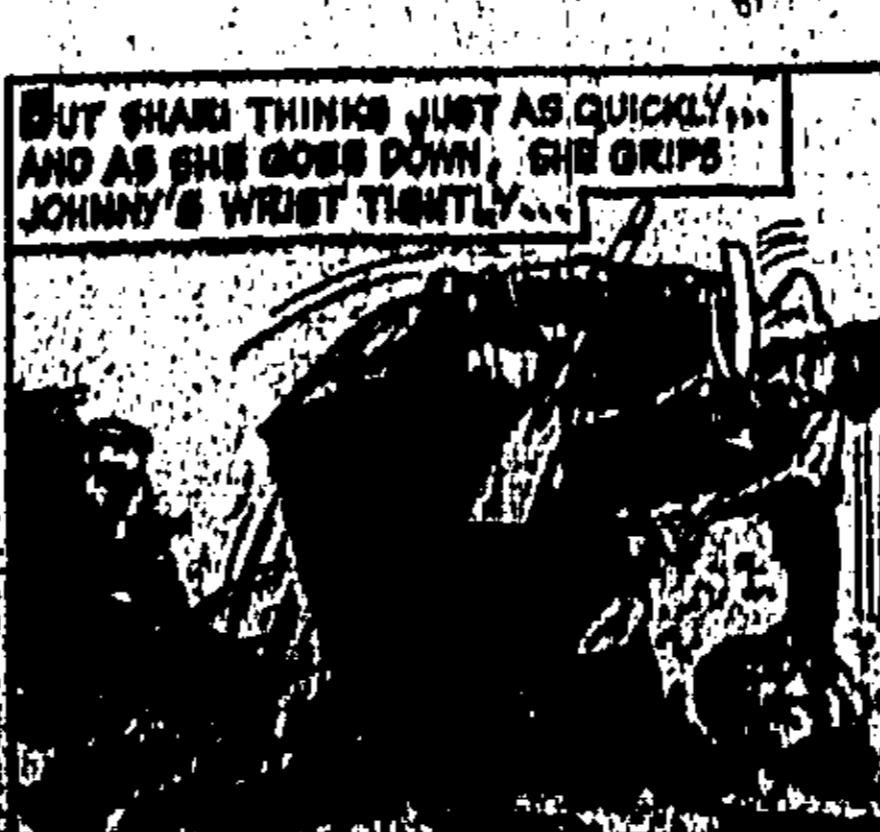
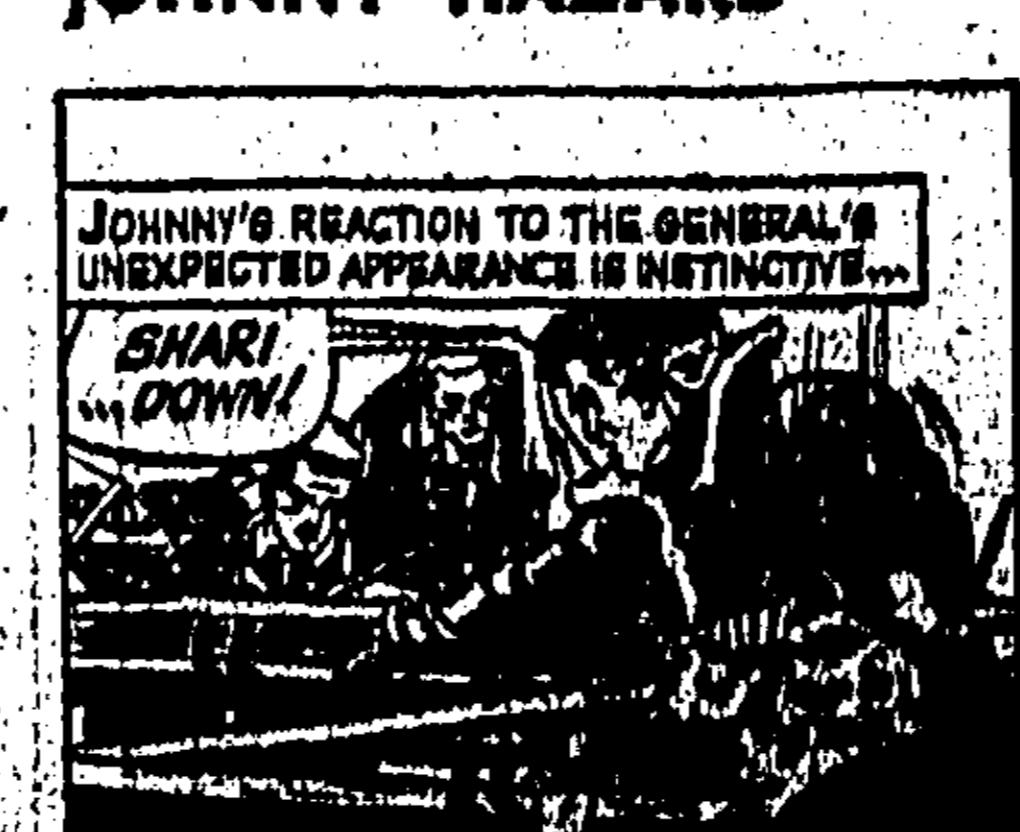
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## JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a

Sam Miguel

## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## What Paris Did To The Fisher Girl

BEFORE ..... IN 1953



Starting off my Paris fashion alphabet with.....

## And THE LESSON BEHIND HER NEW NAME... ORCHID

I BRING back from Paris today a story with a moral for all English girls: the story of the new Most Beautiful Girl in Paris.

She is MONA SIMON. Her picture is on the right. She is pale and mysterious, long and thin, with coiled red hair and cool green eyes.

Two years ago Mona Simon was a fisher girl who lived in Brittany, lanky and long-haired, pretty but undistinguished—the girl whose picture is on the left.

One day she came to Paris—and learned the French Rule of Beauty. Then she went for a job at BALENCIAGA (the famous designer)—and learned the French Rule of Dress. In Paris the rules are these: 'Be what you

are. Don't try to look like the next girl.' So because she is long and pale and thin, she makes herself look longer and paler and thinner. She uses pale make up; she coils her hair off her neck to show off her long, thin nose and her long, thin neck; she dresses to emphasize her long, thin figure.

Today they say of the little fisher girl: 'She looks like an orchid. She is different from the others.'

The moral is this: In England the beauty people and the clever people have only one standardised ideal girl in mind, and every woman is measured against her.

In England, I suspect, Mademoiselle Simon would still look like the girl on the left.

AFTER ..... IN 1955



Starting off my Paris fashion alphabet with.....

## ANNIE EDWARDIS

## And now, Twenty-six Tips That Paris Taught Me—from A to Z



DRAWN IN PARIS BY PIERRE SIMON

A for A lines as the Paris model girls wear them when they are off duty, quite a different affair from the A lines they wear when they are modelling the clothes the famous designers make.

Once out of the salon, off come those bodices too tight to breathe in, skirts too tight to walk in. Or go their own clothes, which are just as chic and comfortable.

THE DRAWING shows how two of the best-known mannequins in Paris use the French woman's talent for selecting and adapting new fashions. Lucky (right) wears a modified A line; one of the new Cashmere sweaters—loose, hip length, and scarlet, with a straight skirt in charcoal grey.

Lia (left) ignores the A line altogether, wears a white poplin shirt with a full linen skirt striped in grey and white; flat scarlet shoes; and a scarlet belt.

B for Boat trips in little glass-sided steamers which sail down the Seine (this used to be considered very tourist stuff; now it is chic). You sit at a

E for Empire. An industrial Empire is hanging on to the Dior coat-tails. glove manufacturers, stocking manufacturers, lipstick, scent, button, umbrella, jewel, handbag, shoe and fabric manufacturers.

C for Crinoline petticoats which the girls wear under their cotton skirts to make them sway like a crinoline.

They were all there last week watching his shows, each holding out his cap for a new idea

I don't know what the women think of it," said the taxi driver, "but the men like C for Coup de soleil (hair brightening) the way they do it now. So many different strands are bleached over your head that it gives the effect of an all over lightening. It takes time. It costs money, but goodness, how pretty it is.

D for Dietrich, noted three times in Paris, each time in the same beige-coloured suit.

F for Famous last words which have a special significance in Paris:—"That looks a nice cheap little restaurant, let's go there." "Run on ahead, dear, and keep the train for Auntie." "We're quite safe here, we're on a zebra crossing."

G for Girl in a corset shop who helped to settle France's long-standing political grudge against America by deliberately squashing a large woman from Wyoming into a corset that was miles too small and making her buy it.

H for Hair style the young French girls are wearing—it is

And sure enough, the ideas come along, sequined shoes, pale stockings, apricot gloves in washable doeskin, white and bronze pearls...

E for Entrée which is new to me. A dish of baby mushroom dipped in egg and bread-crums, fried in butter and served with sauce tartare.

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named the Brigitte Bardot style, after the film star who started the craze. The hair is fronded on to the face in front and then twisted up into a bun high at the back.

I for Inches which are ON the hemline. Wherever you go to buy a dress in Paris, they tell you that long skirts 13in. from the ground are most elegant.

J for Jackets in bright colours edging which sell in the shops for £2 10s.

K for Kingfisher blue, the colour that every dress-designer showed.

L for Left bank students who wear the new Marlon Brando haircut—brushed forward on to the face all round.

M for Melon—Instead of a slice they serve a whole melon with the top sliced off and a spoonful of port inside.

N for New blouses which are draped and dressy in chiffon and jersey.

O for Ohi for a good cup of tea. The one kitchen still that still eludes the French.

P for Pearly nail varnish—still the craze.

Q for Pleated skirts in every variation, fine Pleats, knife Pleats, accordion Pleats, in every material from fine cotton to flannel—and every Price level too.

R for Raincoats in proofed poplin—palest pink or lemon yellow—which the girls wear as summer coats.

S for Sweetpeas—when you buy them in Paris, the flower shops always arrange them in a bouquet, one colour in the centre and the others ringed round.

T for Self-service at the big stores—the only cheap meal I found in Paris—two sausages and salad, French bread and wine, chocolate gateau, &c.

U for Tables with black metal frames which you top with coloured tiles (easy to replace a broken tile or two).

V for Umbrella—the word I used to describe a thin umbrella.

W for Waists. In a city which had done its darndest to make us all wear dresses without waists, the local girls still nip theirs in tight.

X for XXXXX's to the porters of Dover. After their discontented, grumbling, cross-grained colleagues over the Channel it is so nice to see them again.

Y for Y line. My advice is to give it a miss. But if you want to wear it, narrow the skirt of your dress, loosen the waist, and make the top of the Y with a stole or a big collar.

Z for Zany—the only word to describe an incident at Dior's show when an overworked journalist fainted in the heat. The models hesitated, the show was held up, and in stormed the manageress.

"Just look at her face," said the man beside me. "She's thinking—'What's a dead journalist here or there? Let the show go on!'



EMILIO: This dress is in midnight blue light wool fabric. A sash of yellow dotted surah is sash through the round decollete neckline and the tie ends fall to the hemline.

MYRIACE: The top sketch shows a skirt in heavy, hand-woven black and white tweed embroidered with stripes of bright knotted wool cord. This is worn with a blouse of black jersey. The lower sketch shows a romantic little blouse in printed wool muslin with a pleated frill all round beneath the bust that looks like a tiny pleated skirt.

BERTOLI: This very original skirt consists of two bands of red, blue and white tweed plaid and hand-woven wool. The dark blue light wool jersey blouse is worn with white jersey circles with novel shaped neckline and armholes.

## BEAUTIFUL SKIRTS

Myriace showed the best knitwear ensembles in any boutique collection which I saw. Very attractive was a blue and white striped jacket with large pockets at the sides, accentuating the straight, elongated line.

There were some beautiful skirts in wool fabrics at Bertoli. They were trimmed in a variety of different ways—by bands of Scotch plaid, knitwear braiding, embroidery and by frayed ribbons. These were worn with white jersey circles with novel shaped neckline and armholes.

BERTOLI: This very original skirt consists of two bands of red, blue and white tweed plaid and hand-woven wool. The dark blue light wool jersey blouse is worn with white jersey circles with novel shaped neckline and armholes.

*M. Moly*

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STARS of the Chinese Amateur Swimming Association championships at Kennedy Town. In centre above is Cheung Kin-man, the men's champion. With him are the finalists in the 100 metres freestyle—Wan Siu-ming (right) and Wong Fu-shun. Right: Miss Fung Ying-chi, the girls' champion, is standing on the left. With her is Miss Tsui Siu-ling. (Staff Photographer)



LEAVING St John's Cathedral after their wedding are Mr and Mrs Ivan Shaffer. The bride was formerly Miss Norma Sullivan. Both bride and groom are from Australia. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham being received by Mr N. T. Assomull, President of the India Association, and Mrs Assomull on their arrival at the Peninsula Hotel last Monday for the Commonwealth Luncheon. Mr Victor Mamak is second from left. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the famous wartime American President, smilingly answers questions at the press conference she gave at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Hong Kong Concert Orchestra practising hard in the Radio Hong Kong Concert Hall for their Prom, to be given at the Ritz tomorrow evening. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: At the opening of the new bathing pavilion of the Casam Club in Kowloon last Sunday, Mr D. C. C. Trench, Defence Secretary, who performed the opening ceremony, hoists the flags, watched by the Hon. C. E. Terry and Mr Solomon Rafeek. On extreme right: Members refreshing themselves after a swim. The spacious pavilion is situated at 11½ mile beach. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Ho Chung-chung, Headmistress of the True Light Girls' Middle School, speaking at the stonelaying of the new Primary School building last week. The new building is part of the School's extensive scheme on Taihang Road. (Staff Photographer)

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MISS Suzanne Hewson, modelling "Twilight," one of four "Flirtation Gowns," evokes a tremendous round of applause. Scene was the "Teenage Fashion Show" organised by Form VI girls of King George V School, which proved a success on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

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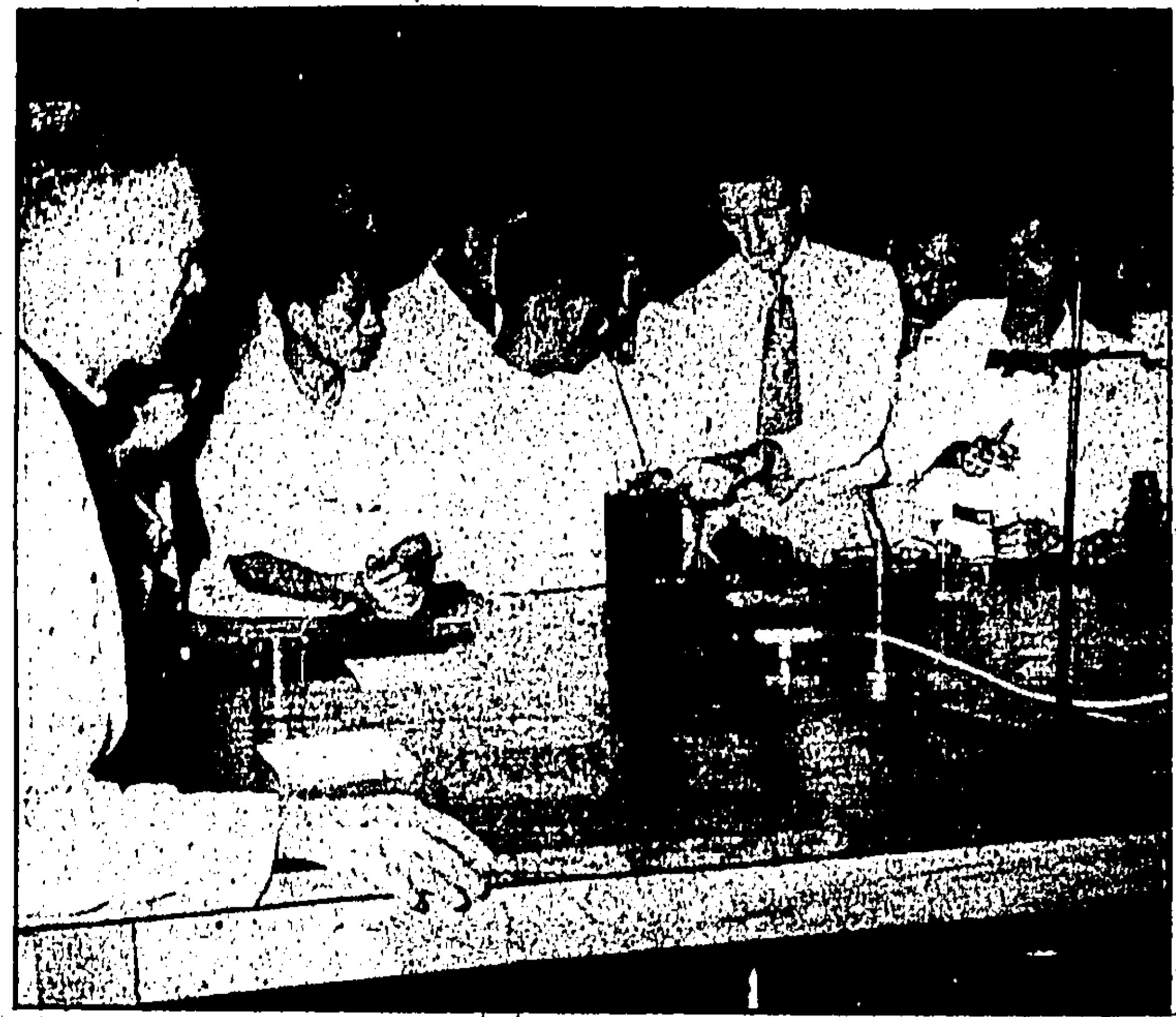
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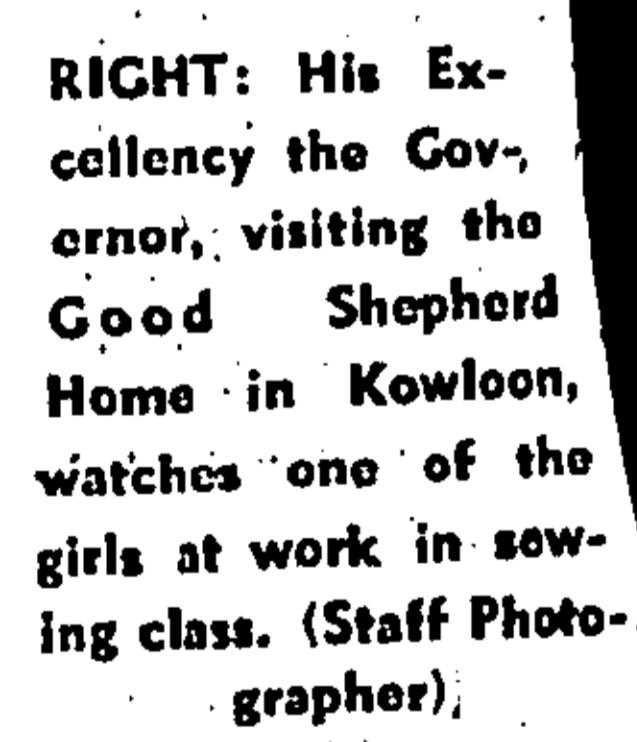
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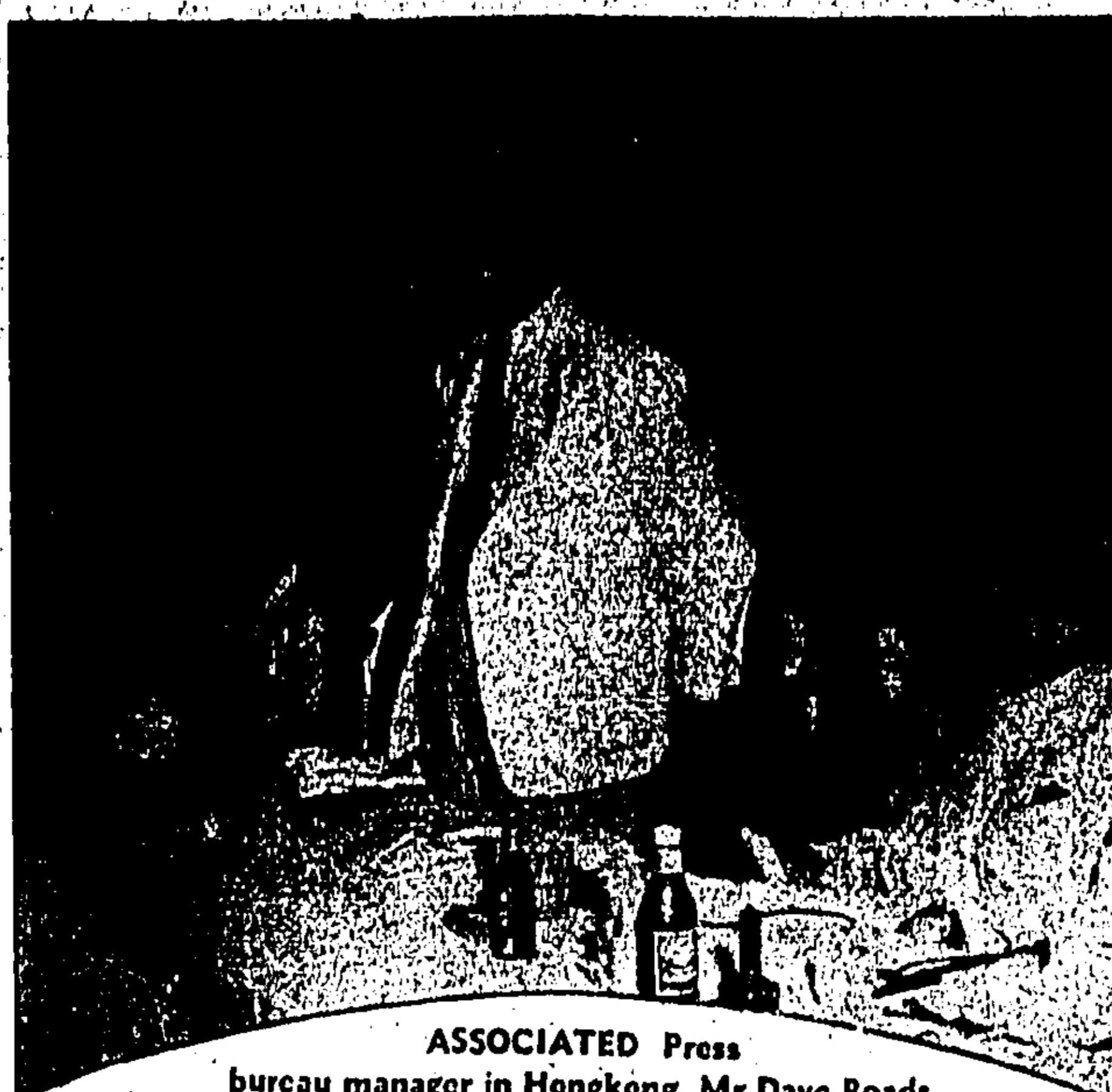
COCKTAIL party held at the Correspondents' Club to greet Mr F. Marvin Plake, Civil Air Transport's new Public Relations Officer. From left: Mr Paul Tay, Mr Plake, Mr A. L. Burridge, Mr Alex Wu and Mr George Lee. (Staff Photographer)



SCIENCE teachers watching a scientific experiment as part of a science vocation course at the Northcote Science Building, Hong Kong University. (Staff Photographer)



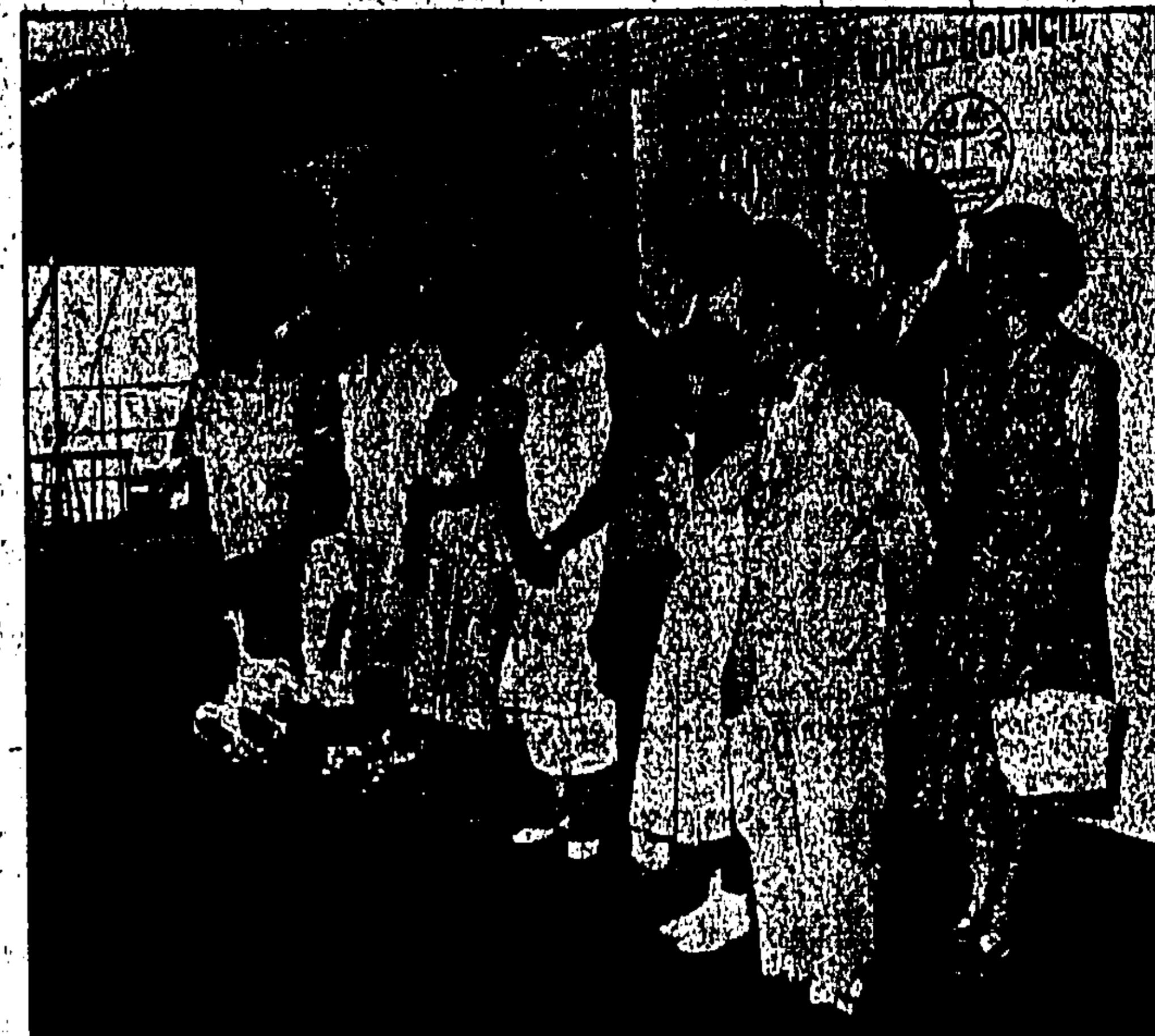
RIGHT: His Excellency the Governor, visiting the Good Shepherd Home in Kowloon, watches one of the girls at work in sewing class. (Staff Photographer)



ASSOCIATED Press bureau manager in Hong Kong, Mr. Dave Roads, giving a talk about collection and dissemination of news at a meeting of the American University Club of Hong Kong. (Staff Photographer)



MR. O.K. Armstrong, former Republican Congressman for Missouri, talking to a pressmen on his arrival here by air last week. He is on a private goodwill tour of the Far East, gathering material for articles and lectures. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of refugees who are going to settle in the United States under the refugee relief programme pictured with friends who saw them off before sailing by the President McKinley on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



OTHER prizewinners at the Ladies' Recreation Club swimming gala with their parents. Left: Miss Sarah Scholes with her father, Mr Justice A. D. Scholes. Right: Mr and Mrs J. Dickson Leach and their daughter Anne. (Staff Photographer)



THE Chinese Manufacturers' Union gave a farewell party on Thursday for Mr. Ralph H. Hunt, Economic Attaché at the U.S. Consulate, who is leaving Hong Kong. Mr. Hunt is seen chatting with Mr. C. H. Hsu. (Staff Photographer)

**Make your own Weather!**

AT HOME

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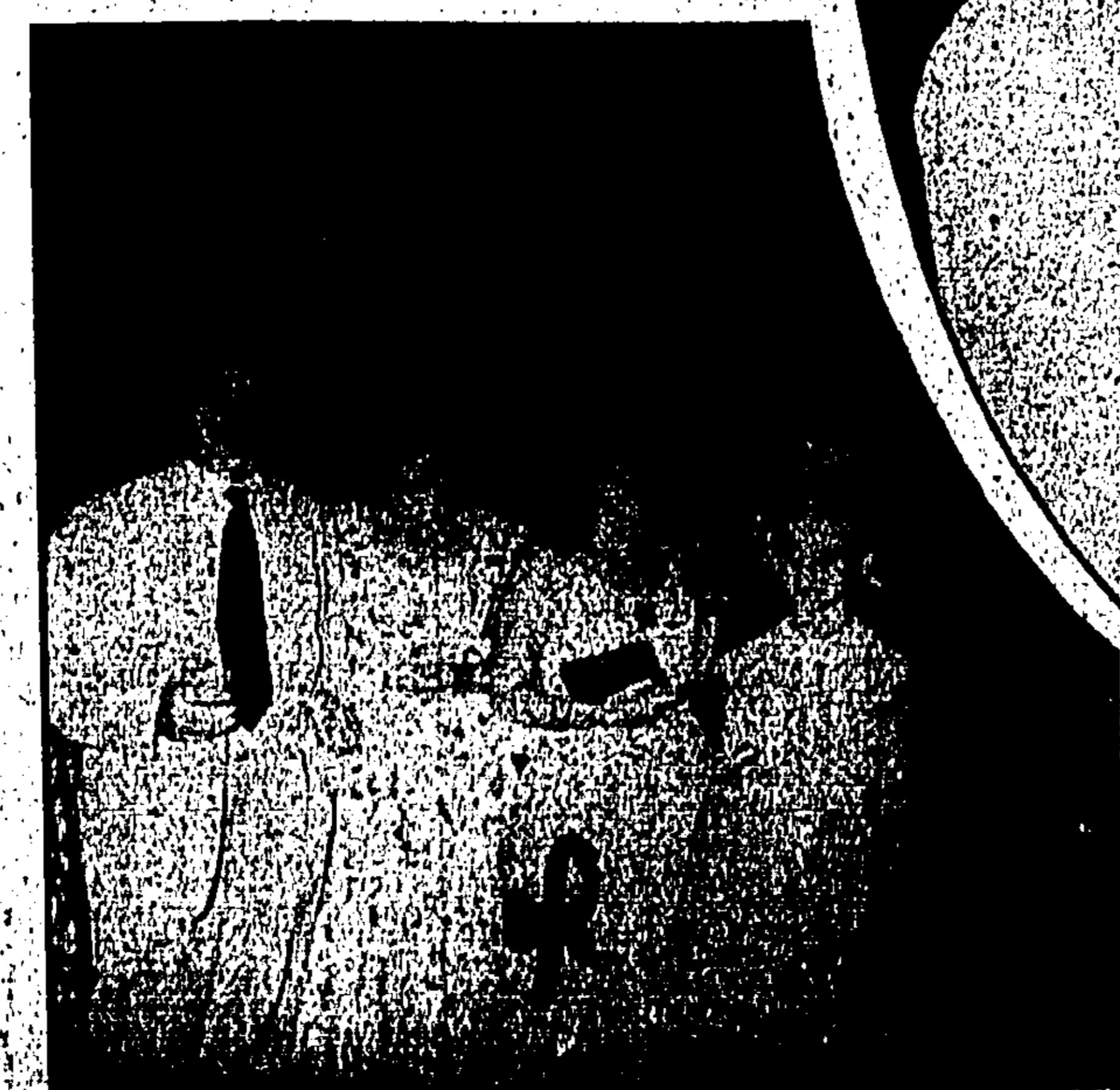
Room Air Conditioner

You can be ~~hot~~...to the Westinghouse

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BELOW: Mr. W. W. Wilmoth, Mrs. Wilmoth, Mrs. H. Wood, Dr. Franz Helmut Leitner and Miss Ina Leitner snapped at the Austrian evening last Thursday at the Correspondents' Club. It was the first get-together of Austrian residents, and there were genuine Austrian food and wine. Dr. Leitner is Austrian Minister to Japan. (Staff Photographer)



**SALE**

THERE WILL BE A SALE OF ODDMENTS AND DISCONTINUED LINES AT HALF PRICE ON WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.

**MACKINTOSH'S**



# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Betty Furness with daughter Barbara—in the kitchen.

As America's top saleslady, the elegant 'Queen of the Kitchen Commercials' earns £2 a second for her TV appearances



THE COMPLETED GARMENT



## Five minutes in the kitchen with Betty Furness...

by EVELYN IRONS

New York: SIX hundred pounds sterling for 320 seconds on the screen is a lot of money, even by Hollywood standards. That is roughly what blonde Betty Furness gets in New York every week for interrupting a television play to talk about kitchen gadgets.

She throws in an extra performance of similar length every four weeks, plus a number of personal advertising appearances and demonstrations at department stores all over the country.

The company whose products she praises, the second biggest maker of appliances in America, does not grudge the money. Next month she celebrates the sixth anniversary of the

day they hired her. Says the firm's £70,000-a-year president: "That girl's worth more to this company than I am."

It all looks so easy. Take one of her regular Monday night shows. The play is a story by John van Druten and poet Christopher Isherwood called "Strange Companions," with Britain's Cathleen Nesbitt in the cast. The scene switches to a kitchen of unbelievable elegance and efficiency and there beside the colossal refrigerator is Betty, a housewife of equally unbelievable elegance dressed as for a cocktail party.

She informs her audience of some 23 million viewers that the door of this monster opens to reveal a patent car lamp.

In two minutes to the split second the demonstration is over.

There is another two-minute spell for a new compact laundrymat that washes incredible quantities of dirty linen all by itself. And in a third appearance this time for one minute, Betty strays from the kitchen

to the most delicate touch of a finger—and it does (what fun it would be if it stuck, but it never has).

Softly she shows how to draw off a glass of orange juice and a glass of lemonade (they spurt ready mixed from the twin-juice fountain), indicates separate storage spaces for each food—butter specially cooled here, eggs there, vegetables somewhere else. And the elegant housewife need not do any such chore as defrosting that happens automatically.

At the end of the one-hour play there is a 20-second film, starring Betty and a kitchen air conditioner.

Only once has there been a hitch in these performances. She announced how easy it was to empty a vacuum cleaner, but she couldn't unscrew the nozzle.

"I don't remember what I said at the time," she answered, when reminded of this awkward moment.

"I am not crazy about cooking," she told me. "Besides, I have a first-class housekeeper."

She doesn't dress like a TV housewife either, preferring the latest thing in skin-tight pants.

Because of the necessity for exact timing these commercials are scripted as carefully as any BBC talk.

"Commercials are tougher to memorize than lines in a play," says Betty, "and there are no cues."

Five-foot-five and weighing seven stone ten, she has the figure for them, although she is just short of 40 years old.

"I keep slim on a diet of protein and fat," she said, "no bread or potatoes but it is unlike other diets because fried meat is allowed."

Although she is such an efficient housewife on TV Betty isn't like that at home and she does not perform at the new 10-foot-long "cooking platform" which is the latest efficiency gadget installed in her own kitchen.

"I am not crazy about cooking," she told me. "Besides, I have a first-class housekeeper."

She doesn't dress like a TV housewife either, preferring the latest thing in skin-tight pants.

Five-foot-five and weighing seven stone ten, she has the figure for them, although she is just short of 40 years old.

"I keep slim on a diet of protein and fat," she said, "no bread or potatoes but it is unlike other diets because fried meat is allowed."

May be the reason she is such a successful saleswoman is that she is a businesswoman by temperament although she likes to vary her commercial work by appearing occasionally as TV actress or commentator.

Her flat is as orderly as an office and she keeps her thousands of photographs and stereos—she is a skilled amateur photographer—in an elaborate filing system.

It has been said of her that she is more sophisticated than domesticated. She shows just one sign of domesticity off the screen. She knits faster and more furiously than anyone since Kirsten Flagstad.

Now she is acknowledged to be TV's top saleslady, and has a luxury flat in Manhattan, and it was when the sponsor of a show picked her out as a likely demonstrator of kitchen appliances that she switched to commercials. That was in 1949.

Ten years ago she got her first television part in New York, and it was when the sponsor of a show picked her out as a likely demonstrator of kitchen appliances that she switched to commercials. That was in 1949.

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Now she is acknowledged to be TV's top saleslady, and has a luxury flat in Manhattan, and it was when the sponsor of a show picked her out as a likely demonstrator

# 'Captain Talent' Finds Beauty Comes Last

by  
EVELYN IRONS

NEW YORK. CAPTAIN JOHN ANDERSON, a small, lean young-looking man of 40, has a job in New York shared by no other Briton. He is the talent-spottter for one of the Big Two nation-wide television networks, the National Broadcasting Company.

In his files are the photographic particulars and ratings of 9,000 actors of varying talents and experience. Every day he sees dozens of people looking for jobs in live television plays with this network in New York. As there are only a dozen to fifteen roles in an average week—sometimes more, sometimes less—the competition is fierce. Particularly when an unknown performer can get £53 a week, for spending half a dozen lines in a half-hour show.

You would think that only a Marilyn Monroe with a stunning figure and a dazzling smile, or a youth as bunt some as James Dean, would have a chance. Not so.

"Beautiful people are two a penny," says Anderson, a Scot from Edinburgh who was an Indian Army officer before he emigrated to Canada with £20 in his pocket. "What I look for is something much rarer—the unusual type, the personality, the young man or woman who has something to contribute to a part beyond a voluptuous shape or a handsome profile."

Every morning Captain Anderson is "at home" in his office in a Central Manhattan skyscraper to any aspirant who likes to come along for inspection.

"I treat them gently," said he. "I remember only too well the days when I went hungry in New York myself, and walked miles to apply for jobs because I didn't have the subway fare."

After six years of picking television talent, he says he can quickly weed out the impossibles.

"Maybe it's something about the way they pull up a chair and sit down," he said. "Awkwardness in a simple thing like that tells a lot, however pretty a girl may be."

The "possibles" among the applicants get the chance of an audition. I went along to one to see what happens."

(COPRIGHT)

A KING BANNED USE OF COAL  
By J. W. TAYLOR

COAL, precious "black gold" that has long been the life's blood of the world's industries, is again in the news with the development of atomic research for peaceful purposes.

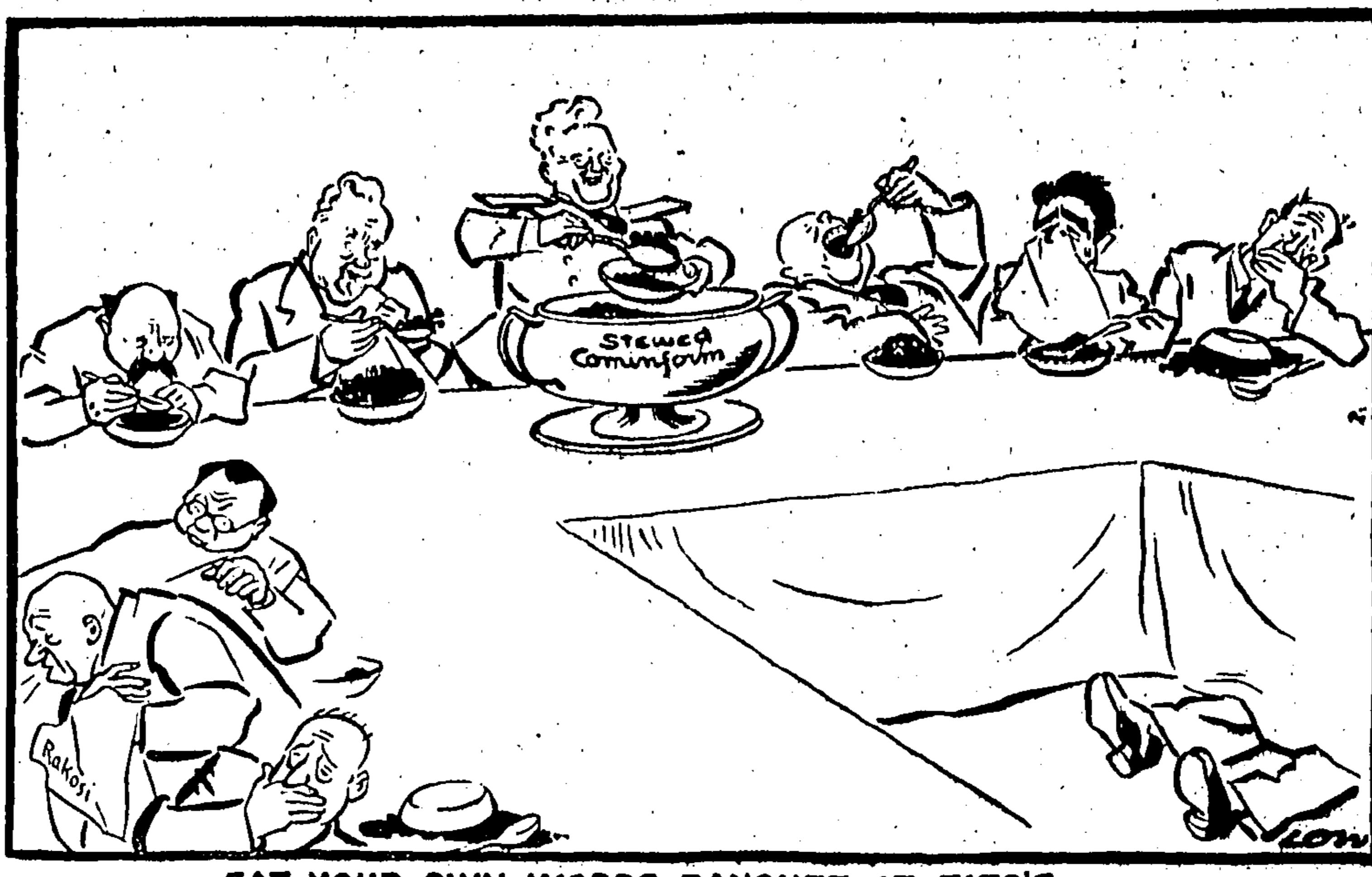
It has never been out of the news since the year 607 when the monks of the British monastery at Glastonbury unearthed "a quantity of black-coal." Contemptuously, the Prior threw it on to the long fire. All were amazed to see it burn and feel it give off a comforting heat.

## SMOG COMPLAINTS

By the year 851 it was in use in several areas in Britain. The Abbot of Peterborough let a plot of land in return for 12 loads of coal per year.

So great was its use that by the Middle Ages Londoners were complaining of smog. In 1300 Edward I proclaimed against the use of coal in furnaces and ordered a return to wood-burning. For the gentry and nobility had complained of the "horrible smell and thick air caused by burning coal."

Offenders against the King's order were heavily fined or had their businesses confiscated. Indeed one man was reported to have been executed for a breach of it. It was not until the time of Henry VIII that university students were allowed to have coal fires.



EAT-YOUR-OWN-WORDS BANQUET AT TITO'S

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian



JOHN ANDERSON—*I treat them gently*

When the archaeologists of 2,000 years from now begin to rescue the remains of the Twentieth Century, there is little doubt that one of their biggest prizes will be Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History." A few months ago, Toynbee finished the last four volumes of the 3,500,000-word analysis of mankind's story. But, while his work is known from New York to Novgorod, Toynbee himself has remained obscure. Here is one of the few close-up pictures of the man behind the study....

thing of world-shaking im-

portance.

The discussion surges forth—about God and man, the Universe and Mr. Kruschev, religion and dinner table conversation in America.

They "emerged" of their own free will.

The method, of course, is not quite "empirical."

"Mine are the best I have been able to find. Apply them if you want."

He thinks it's his duty to let the world in on his secrets. Beyond that, it's up to him.

Either way, Toynbee doesn't

much care. His answer to the critics is simple: "We have to deal with the facts of history and, whether we conclude that it is all an idiot's tale or a message of inspiration, we are making generalised conclusions."

"Mine are the best I have been able to find. Apply them if you want."

He thinks it's his duty to let the world in on his secrets. Beyond that, it's up to him.

Meanwhile, he has work to do.

A small soul which broke out in Western Civilisation in 1914 interrupted a book he was trying to write on the ancient Greeks. He is going to finish it now. And he's working on another one about the social and economic consequences of the wars between Rome and Carthage.

He thinks they're rather like our little cold war and he'd like to find out.

He has many more tales to tell—and, if the world is wise, it will probably listen.

(COPYRIGHT)

## TOYNBEE THE HISTORIAN

By LES ARMOUR

London. ADVANCE descriptively—though it is the religious mystic. It is of the man had just now crossed Toynbee's mind. The tone of dreams in Latin, voice implies that he would be awfully grateful if you would tell him whether it was any good or not.

All this is not just sham. Toynbee has become the world's top historian precisely because he is a man who listens, watches, reads and waits.

He dares to encompass the whole of human history from the prehistoric slimes to the hydrogen bomb. The Greeks, the Romans, the Aztecs, the Incas, and the Ancient Sumarians are as well known to him as are the French to Sir Anthony Eden.

So it is with trepidation that you walk into Chatham House and tell the doorman that you have an appointment with Dr Toynbee.

He ushers you into a vast, Victorian sitting room—empty and unnervingly silent. But it is not there that you are to transact business.

Once or twice he has found himself "at one" with the whole of human history. He insists that there is nothing mysterious about all this. "It could happen to anyone. Probably does happen to most scholars. Pity they don't talk about it."

He is in for a shock. Arnold Joseph Toynbee is 65 and his pictures have prepared you for a man who looks it. In real life he looks like a man of 35 who has inexplicably grown a shock of white hair.

A smile, a quick handshake and a chair. Toynbee pulls up a chair opposite. He objects to desks between him and his interviewers.

He leans forward expectantly and looks as though he is convinced that you are about to communicate some-

## METHOD

Toynbee thinks that to make sense of history it is necessary to regard the world as a sort of training ground for immortal souls and see the rise and fall of civilisations as continuing attempts to grasp the true nature of man and his relationship to God.

And he thinks that this is a conclusion to which anyone in any department of life would come. The historian's view is "just one angle."

## PHENOMENON

Besides the historian's view, he says in the last volume of "A Study of History," "there is the astronomer's, the physicist's, the mathematician's, the poet's... and there is the soldier's, the sailor's, the fisherman's... the engineer's."

Each properly developed, he is convinced, would lead to the same conclusion.

Certainly, all this is not universally accepted. There are many historians who assert that Toynbee is trying the impossible and failing badly. They point to factual discrepancies in his accounts and the impossibility of getting a "final pattern" from an infinity of facts.

In the United States, Toynbee is revered as a hero. His name is a household word like Ford or Marilyn Monroe or the latest home-run king from the World Series.

In Britain he is regarded as an interesting phenomenon—curious but a little odd.

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...FOR A PERFECT GIN AND TONIC

Undoubtedly the easiest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavor of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simple mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a good-sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax... Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as a Gordon's Gin and Tonic.

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POCKET CARTOON  
By OSBERT LANCASTER

## MR GULLIBLE REPORTS ON A MISSION TO RED CHINA

ROBERT BLAKE  
ON BOOKS

**M**R K. M. PANIKKAR was Indian ambassador to China from 1948 to 1952. He therefore had the chance, given to few others, of observing at close quarters both the last year of Chiang Kai-shek's rule and the first three years of Mao Tse-tung's.

Since Mr Panikkar, as all who have met him can testify, is a person of great charm, wit, and intelligence, his account of his experiences during that critical period will naturally arouse eager expectation in many readers.

Nor will that expectation be disappointed. The book\* is

\*In Two Chinas, by K. M. Panikkar (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

extremely readable, and Mr of course, when they are opposition?

Far too many Liberals and Socialists have pinned their faith to the theory that the Communism of Mao Tse-tung is Communism with a difference. He is, however, less convincing on the policy of the new People's Government. Indeed at times he seems almost as gullible as the celebrated delegation sent to China by the British Labour Party.

### Sympathy

It is, of course, understandable that an Indian intellectual should regard the new China with sympathy, and see in Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai fellow soldiers along with Mr Nehru in the struggle against "Western Imperialism." But there are occasions when this sympathy is carried too far. Human and kindly himself, Mr Panikkar would not hurt a fly—certainly not a Chinese fly (if such creatures survive under the enlightened rule of Mao). Yet he can write quite casually and without comment of the mass campaign for the liquidation of counter-revolutionaries and "reactionary elements," which "seems to have effectively disposed of over a million and a half people who were either actively Kuomintang agents or suspected of sympathies [with Chiang]."

### Blinded

Mr Panikkar is not a Communist or a fellow-traveller. His outlook is conditioned, he tells us by "the Liberal Radicalism of the West." But as we know from the writings of the English intellectuals of the thirties, it is quite possible for human and intelligent Radicals to become so blinded by faith in a political Utopia that they gloss over horrors which would profoundly shock them, in any other context.

There are many other examples of this attitude in Mr Panikkar's book. Thus he can tell us with masterly understatement that Mao "has perhaps no use for the Liberal creed of individual liberty." And at the end of the book he finds the disappearance of individual liberty in China to be "a strange thing."

What is strange about it? Have the Communists ever had the slightest regard anywhere for individual liberty—except,

truly quite feasible, and that a separate state under Kuomintang rule might well have been created if the Americans had been ready even for indirect intervention.

But in fact American opinion was divided, largely because of the State Department's recent publication of a damaging paper upon the corruption of the Kuomintang and no action was taken.

This is an important and revealing book, not merely for the light thrown on China, but also for the picture given, indirectly and perhaps unconsciously of the outlook of the upper middle-class intelligentsia which has pulled the Prince and what Mr Panikkar calls "the heaven-born service" as the new ruling class in India. It deserves to be widely read.

### Other Books

**THE FILM OF MEMORY.**  
By Maurice Druon or Rupert Hart-Davies. 10s. 6d. 171 pages.

**THIS** is hardly a story; scarcely a portrait. Call it rather a walk, a distinguished company, round a ruin where past glory must be evoked from a broken pillar or two, while the guide points out, "The ruin of La Sunziana, great European courtesan, mistress of emperors; now an old lady with a wandering mind."

Carmela, the little maid who cleans her room in a shabby Roman hotel, listens awestruck while La Sunziana's hallucination stumbles from one year to another backwards through her life, from one scene, one lover, to the predecessor—the man who kept her in a Venetian palace, the pasha who ruined himself, the man she loved, the husband she left.

In this ghost of a novel, this life story told by reflections in a clouded mirror, there is:

**PATHOS:** Dying is a misfortune I can't get over.

**WIT:** Indulgence in love is only a polite form of indifference.

**UNCOMFORTABLE:** W I S-DOM: It's a misfortune to be born with immoderate desires; a great misfortune without which there would be no great loves.

A stylish flight of the high romantic extravagance.

That they thought maybe he kept it in one of his extra stomachs (he has several). Science knocked that one for a loop, too.

And the answer, disappointedly, seems to be that the camel keeps his water just where you keep yours— all through the tissues of the body.

It isn't really that the camel can carry more water than any other animal but that he uses less.

How?

Well, the Unesco men who spent a long, long time out in the desert at a place called Beni Abbes (in the Sahara) have discovered some surprising things.

For instance, when you get hot you sweat and the process keeps your bloodstream at a constant temperature. Not so camel. He just lets his blood get up to 104 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature that would land you in bed.

With him, sitting in the open air outside a "haunted" mill in

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT  
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**ROBOT** A huge letter-sorting machine run by an electronic "brain" has been built by Post Office scientists. It was revealed that even then he doesn't lose the water that keeps him going. He loses the water which is stored in body tissues. (You would lose yours, in the end, from the bloodstream, and you'd have to drink quickly or dry up.) And he never notices the difference.

It will do the work of a large number of human sorters. How many? The Post Office men will not say.

But they do say that they do not expect trouble from the trades unions. If trials with the robot series continue to be successful, many more will be built for use throughout Britain.

Then, say officials, the displaced workers would easily be found other work.

At present one man has to read the addresses on the letters before feeding them into the robot. But the scientists at the Post Office Engineering Research Station, Cricklewood, hope to dispense with him too, eventually.

For they believe it will be possible to give the robot an electronic eye that will read the addresses, in spite of differences of handwriting.

That is, if the writing can be read at all.

**THE CAMEL'S** Science and STORAGE Nations have teamed up to solve one of man's oldest puzzle—where does the camel keep his water?

The experts used to think he kept it in his hump. He doesn't. The hump is all fat.

Then they thought maybe he kept it in one of his extra stomachs (he has several). Science knocked that one for a loop, too.

And the answer, disappointedly, seems to be that the camel keeps his water just where you keep yours— all through the tissues of the body.

Says a liner's purser: "I've seen these girls up at the crack of dawn doing their exercises on deck in weather which called for a good pair of rubber boots. In one ship the girls were the only thing which got the sailors up early."

**CHAMPION** Only 5ft 4in. in height and weighing 128 lb, 22-year-old Joaquin Fernandez claims Europe's eel-fishing record.

In 48 hours last week he downed 41 lb. of bread; 22 lb. of potatoes; 30 lb. of eel; 100 fish; 150 eels; five roast fowl; one and-a-half lbs. of mutton; 52 pints of wine; 3½ pints of brandy; 10 bottles of soda water.

With him, sitting in the open air outside a "haunted" mill in

Evora, Portugal, were the 36 other competitors, all under 132 lb. in weight. They ate—well, just a few pounds less than Joaquin.

**MISER'S** After a Melbourne HOARD miser died last month police found a quarter ton of two shilling pieces (approximately £5,000) plus £500 in banknotes hidden underneath piles of rubbish in a corner of his shun home. This in spite of the fact that burglars broke four times during recent years stealing a total of £1,000. The miser still refused to bank his hoard.

**LIFESAVING** A new idea in GADGET life-saving is becoming popular on the beaches of New Zealand where life guards are being equipped with rod and line. If a swimmer gets into difficulties a tough line with a lifebelt on the end instead of a hook is cast out and the exhausted swimmer reeled in.

**ONE** Already having stood on one leg for three years LEG outside a Jodhpur temple, a 27-year-old sadhu (holy man) plans to continue his ordeal for another nine years. At the end of this time he hopes to attain union with God. If he fails, he says he will fast to death. Meanwhile he lives on fruit and milk offered by temple visitors.

**HUMAN RADAR** Human Radar is believed to be the explanation of the feats of 32-year-old Julian Coopman a milkman of Komen near Antwerp. Mr Coopman can drive his loaded delivery van blindfolded. With his eyes covered first with sticking plaster then with black paper and finally wrapped in a scarf Julian can make speeds of up to 70 m.p.h. on a good road—and never have an accident. His secret? "It's mine and the fact that I can do it is quite enough," he says.

**CLOP CLOP** A doctor in REMEDY Palma, Majorca, has prescribed a unique remedy to help prolong the life of a weak-hearted shoe factory owner. The shoemaker complained that employees at his plant were slacking on the job and the resulting strain was too much for his weak heart.

His doctor prescribed a pair of heavy clogs. Now the workers can hear him coming and when he arrives he always finds them hard at work.

## BRITAIN LAGS IN ROCKET RACE

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

London. BRITAIN is falling behind in the rocket race.

More than £150 million has been spent on rocket work since the war.

Yet no guided missiles are available for the Services.

And the Supply Ministry cannot provide a rocket capable of flying 120 miles high for upper-atmosphere research without two more years of effort.

The rocket project has fallen far behind schedule because—

1. The problems of rocket flight, especially those of guiding anti-aircraft missiles, were badly underestimated.

2. The Government's original plan to centre rocket development round the Woomera range in the Australian desert has failed.

Government planners were convinced that British rocket firms could be induced to build up the bulk of their research and production facilities in Australia.

**Dangerous**

Instead a big rocket industry involving almost every big aircraft and electronics firm has arisen in Britain.

Rocket testing has been done off the Welsh coast near Aberporth and a new range is being set up off the Hebrides.

But women will still have to be used for long-range and high-altitude work which might be dangerous at home.

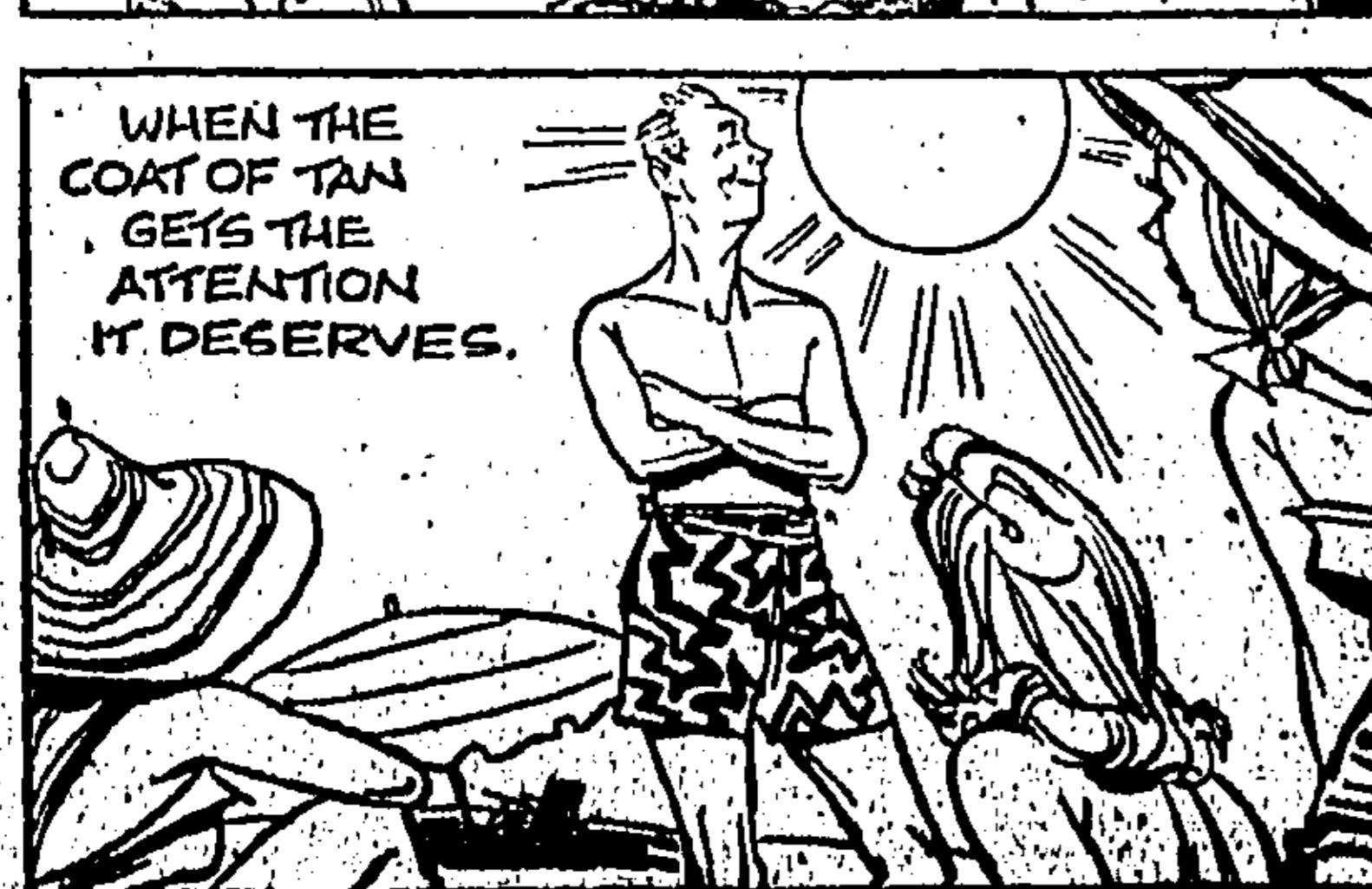
It is unlikely that any of the guided missiles scheduled to replace anti-aircraft guns will be available for two more years.

One naval anti-aircraft rocket has been under development for 10 years and is still not ready.

Yet the American is about to score a major victory and many more are to come.

## Proud Moments

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

# Patrick Hamilton's "The Duke In Darkness" On The Air On Wednesday

Patrick Hamilton's famous play "The Duke in Darkness" will be on the air on Wednesday evening at half past nine. The story, set in the 16th century after the French Civil War, concerns the Duke of Lorraine, who has been imprisoned for many years in the castle of his enemy, the Duke of Lamorre.

The Duke of Lorraine, together with his servant Gribaud, who is imprisoned with him, feigns blindness to cover up an attempt to escape by building a tunnel from his room in the castle. After 15 years he begins to despair of ever getting away, and by this time his faithful servant has become insane and can only hinder the plans to escape.

However, a new attendant, Voulain, says that he is willing to help the escape by gaining assistance from outside the castle. But there still remains the problem of Gribaud. Voulain suggests poisoning him, and at first the Duke demurs, but eventually agrees, and Gribaud dies.

Finally Lorraine is hidden in the tunnel, and the way to escape is clear, but he hesitates, fearing freedom, after so many years in captivity.

Finally he goes—calling on his dead servant to do so—"Ride with me, my dear friend, for we are free to ride." The wind on your cheek Gribaud, and the rain on your

Gribaud, and the rain on your Gribaud.

The principal parts in "The Duke in Darkness" are taken by James McKechnie and Michael Hordern, and the production, for the BBC, is by Mervyn C. Webster.

**NATIONAL RADIO SHOW** Britain's 22nd National Radio Show opened at Earl's Court on August 24, and at 7.15 on Wednesday, Sam Pollock will describe some of its features in a broadcast from London.

This year's show has such fascinating displays as a space rocket television relay station circling the earth, as well as a full range of more orthodox industrial and domestic electronic equipment.

**STORY OF THE VISCOUNT**

With plans for a new airport going ahead in Hongkong, there has been a general review of aircraft, and a new type of aircraft which may one day be using Kai Tak.

On Tuesday evening at half past nine, "The Story of the Viscount" will be featuring "The Story of the Viscount"—written and produced for the BBC by Gerald Mansell. The story concerns the men who played a leading part in the evolution of the world's first propeller-turbojet airliner, the Viscount, designed, tested and built.

Those taking part include George Edwards, designer of the Viscount; John Bell, pilot who piloted Vickers Armstrong, who put it through its paces, and Captain Richard Rymer, who piloted it in the first commercial flight in 1950, and has probably flown more hours on the Viscount than any pilot in the world.



James McKechnie, who plays Gribaud in the BBC production of Patrick Hamilton's play "The Duke in Darkness", which can be heard over Radio Hongkong at 9.30 on Wednesday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 660 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 70.14 metres.)

## Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.35 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.40 MASTERS OF MELODY—Williams and his Concert Orchestra. The music of Eric Coates.  
12.45 MUSIC FROM THE STUDIO. OLD TIME DANCE ROOM. Will Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.  
12.50 STUDIO: HOTEL RE-CUESSES. By John Clegg.  
12.55 STUDIO: FUTURE CHOICE. Presented by Roy Dore.  
12.58 THE BRIDE OF LAMORRE.

## Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.15 MORNING MUSICAL.  
10.30 READING OF THE CHLORALION OF MASS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.  
10.45 PREACHER: THE REV. FATHER D. LAWRENCE.  
11.00 I CAL. MOMENTS: WILHELM KEMPF (PIANO).  
11.30 TINO CHRISTIE (TIENOR).  
11.45 NEAPOLITAN CHANSONS.  
12.00 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.  
12.15 THE MUSIC STUDIO SPORTS TIME.  
12.30 PAINT YOUR WAGON (LONDON LEADER).  
12.45 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON LEADER).  
10.45 FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY.  
10.50 THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER (Bellini).  
10.55 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.00 THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER (Bellini).  
11.15 PREACHER: THE REV. FATHER D. LAWRENCE.  
11.30 THE BRIDE OF LAMORRE.

12.45 PREACHER: THE REV. FATHER D. LAWRENCE.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER (Bellini).  
1.30 THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER (Bellini).  
1.45 PREACHER: THE REV. FATHER D. LAWRENCE.

1.55 PREACHER: THE REV. FATHER D. LAWRENCE.

## WEEK-END BOWLS

## SEASON'S TOP LEAGUE HONOURS SHOULD BE DECIDED TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Both Recreio "Blues" and Taikoo Club are expected to make sure of the First and Second Division League titles respectively this afternoon and bring the 1955 race for top League honours to a close.

The "Blues", who will be playing away against Police Recreation Club, have only to take four points from their hosts this afternoon to give Recreio the Senior Division title for the fourth year in succession.

As pointed out by a correspondent, Recreio also achieved the feat of winning the Championship four years in succession from 1937 to 1940 and this will be a repeat performance on the part of the Portuguese Club.

In addition to garnering the Premier League honours, the Champions also claim the distinction of having one of their ranks, skippered by Raoul Luz, at the top of the Skips' Table for the current season.

Luz's four are already certain of being the top rink of the season, but before the League is fully over, it looks as if both Passos' and Johnny Ribeiro's ranks will step into the second, third and fourth positions in the Skips' Table as well to make it a completely successful season for Recreio.

Taikoo Club practically won the Second Division Championship last Wednesday when they defeated their closest rivals, Kowloon Dock, by 4-1. Ahead now by 5½ points of the Kowloon Dock bowlers, they will probably take at least four points from USRC this afternoon to make sure of rejoining the First Division from which they dropped out two seasons ago. A 5-0 win will make the result of their last match against Craigengower immaterial.

The race for rink honours is, however, a much more even affair in this division than in the First. J. B. Baxter's four are now in the lead, closely followed by those of Kinniburg, R. Gourlay and W. E. Brown.

## OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS

With the League practically over, increasing interest is now being centred on the various events of the Open Championship games, of which two—the Rinks and the Singles—have already reached their semi-final stages.

Three Triples quarter-finals tomorrow, and one more on Tuesday, and four Pairs quarter-finals on Thursday will bring all the events into the semi-final rounds.

Best of the Triples quarter-final games will probably be that between the Craigengower

combination of G. Hong Choy, F. O. Mardia and S. Leonard and the Recreio three of A. A. da Silva, A. A. Remedios and C. A. Danenberu, which is scheduled to be played on Tuesday instead of tomorrow.

The Recreio three will be fielding substitutes for A. A. Remedios but are still expected to give their opponents a good run for all their worth.

The fact that the CCC combination are the conquerors of the Luz brothers and that they are the only Recreio survivors in this event should be added incentive to them in their attempt to pull through this game.

Of tomorrow's three matches, I. Ali, M. B. Hassan and A. M. Oman despite their disappointing results in the Pairs and Rinks events, are still regarded as the top favourites and should be able to get through in this event at least to the semi-final.

Taikoo's G. Stark, M. Douglass and J. B. Baxter are not incapable of upsetting the Indians, but the odds will probably be much too heavy against them.

Kowloon Cricket Club's A. V. Lopes, E. R. Rosselet and C. R. Rosselet are playing in top form at the moment, especially after their brilliant victory in the rinks competition last week-end. It will take some exceptional bowling on the part of HKFC's K. B. Baker, P. Cotton and E. Greenwood to stop them from entering the next round.

## CLOSER GAME

A much closer game is anticipated between HKFC's P. Gardner, K. Forrow, and J. K. Sloan and Craigengower's C. K. Sung, C. C. Ma and A. H. Seemin. I should say the odds are about even in this match with the issue depending on the form of the day.

In the Pairs quarter-finals to be played on Thursday, Recreio have been rather unlucky in having their two surviving pairs clash against each other. The Luz brothers hold a slight edge in what should be a very well contested game.

The strongest combination among the quarter-finalists is probably that of W. Gurney and Bill Hong Sling. I doubt if the Coelho brothers have enough resources to check the KCC pair in what looks like a trip to the final.

C. C. Ma and A. H. Seemin are conceded a slight edge over Kowloon Dock's W. Davidson and R. Gourlay.

The fourth quarter-final match will also be a close affair with the Filipino pair of A. C. Soqueira and L. S. Silva enjoying slight superiority over Taikoo's G. T. Graham and R. B. Marshall.

## TODAY'S GAMES

First Division  
PRC v. Recreio "Blues".  
Recreio "Whites" v. IRC "Blues".

IRC "Gold" v. KCC.  
FC v. KBGC.  
CCC (bye).

Second Division  
PRC v. KCC.  
HKFC v. KDC.  
USRC v. TC.  
CCC v. FC.  
HKCC (bye).

Third Division  
KCC v. PRC.  
HKFC v. POC.  
KBGC v. HKFC.  
FC v. USRC.  
KDC (bye).

HOW THEY STAND

First Division  
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Recreio "Whites" 14. 11. 0. 3. 53

Third Division  
PRC 14. 11. 0. 3. 53

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OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Re

# TO THE VERY LAST HOUR ENGLAND WERE NOT SURE OF VICTORY AT THE OVAL

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The Springboks shook Australia. They promised to shake England. And despite England's final win at the Oval that is just what they have done.

So full credit to a team which, though it may have lacked what some people like to describe as "class", made up for all that by sheer fighting spirit, superb fielding, and a determination to take every scrap to the very limit of their strength. To the very last hour England were not sure of this series.

They didn't fluster when England completely reorganized their side and packed it with batting down to number nine for the final, crucial battle at the Oval. They just set about the big names and whittled them away. Speaking to the England players during the week I realised how much they had been impressed by the fight the South Africans showed in that Oval finale, especially on the field.

The bowlers refused to send up loose balls and the fielders huddled themselves right and left to stop even half-runs. As an Englishman put it, "the way these characters dived about, I was wishing I had their laundry contract!" Bonny fighters, happy cricketers, players England did well to beat.

Apart from the entertainment they provided for thousands during their games, I reckon the best service done by the Springboks was to give a clear warning that the winning of those Ashes last winter did not settle as many England team problems as we had thought.

#### CLEAR LIMITATIONS

In short the Springboks have shown up England's clear limitations — especially in batting — and warned Selectors and supporters that much better stuff will have to be produced next summer if Australia are to be held again.

Another lesson of this season's struggles is how much England depends on speed bowlers Tyson and Statham working as a pair. Separately they do not add up to half the effectiveness they produce in tandem.

So it strikes me that a number one priority before next summer is to get Frank Tyson thoroughly fit. I see he is down to travel to the West Indies with a privately arranged cricket tour around March. Nor-

mal, this would be an excellent holiday loosener for the English season. But this time I hope he'll be talked out of it. For I can think of nothing better than a month of pounding on hard West Indian pitches to start heel blisters again.

Asked this week to pick my Five Cricketers of the Year, I didn't find it very easy. But after going round in lots of circles I name three of the circles I name three of the Springboks and two members of the England team.

Top of the list I put Jackie McGlew. He has been the backbone of the South African batting time after time. And the tougher the fight, the better he has fought. He took over from Jack Cheetah as skipper in two Tests and hit hundreds at the same time to help win them both. He has also proved himself the best cover-point fielder in the world. I don't hesitate to put him top of the poll. In any world eleven today he would be an automatic choice as opener.

Next I pick South African all-rounder Trevor Goddard. This young, slender, left-hander has a quality of courage and application in his cricket which you've got to admire. Not many kids in their early twenties have ever opened both the bowling and batting of their national side — yet Goddard has done it several times. He also bowled so well in the first four Tests — negative leg-stump stuff if you like — that England had to re-organise their team completely because of it.

Any player good enough to win a compliment as great as that packs a lot of what it takes. That's why young Trevor walks into my five men of the year.

Next I have Hughie Tayfield, the Springbok off-spinner. I rate him just about the best off-

spinner in the world on all wickets. And I admire the fact that he thinks. There is nothing automatic in his bowling. He schemes, then thinks and varies his attack with every subtlety of the spinner's craft.

And as those 52 world record consecutive overs at the Oval clearly proved, he is not afraid of hard work. Moreover, despite that tremendous spell, I'll wager he was still fielding as hard and as willingly as any other member of the party between times! So in goes Tayfield with his hundred wickets for the tour and his record of being the first South African to complete 100 wickets in Test cricket.

#### BAPTISM FOR MAY

Topping the England list I put skipper Peter May. This has been a tougher baptism of captaincy than was expected. Like the experienced Len Hutton before him, he found all too little support from the other batsmen of his side. Far too often he was carrying the worry and the "can" for getting runs as well. Yet, in his first season, he has done magnificently. I don't know anybody in England at the moment, who could be classed as a better batsman.

The last of the five was the most difficult to choose. I thought of Denis Compton who has defied his groggy knee for yet another season and carried so much of the batting brunt with May. Then I thought of the great-hearted Brian Statham. And lastly of the fighting Tony Lock.

It was Lock I chose. I have regarded him as the most dangerous left-handed bowler in the country for a long time and his recent incredible run of match-winning performances must count towards his inclusion among my Big Five.

I know everybody will have their own ideas about the five men of the year. Probably every selection is a right one. But if you've had as much fun picking them as I had picking mine we can cheerfully agree on minor differences. After all, one of the great joys of cricket is that you can still carry it on in this way, before the long, long after stumps have been drawn.

#### COACHING HINT

I have just seen some fine pictures of Hugh Tayfield in action. One of the most impressive things about him is the way he uses the bowling crease. Sometimes he comes so close to the bowler's wicket he nearly brushes the balls off. Next time he comes in so wide that he almost bowls a no-ball by going outside the edge of the crease.

Why not take a tip from Tayfield? Try the angle at which you send the ball to the batsman. Although Tayfield's an off-spinner, I've seen him bowl a complete over of straight ones, then four spinners in a row. The moral? Use your head — and the crease.

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## Nothing Indecisive About Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships

There was nothing indecisive about the Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. The Army beat the Royal Navy six matches to love, and the RAF beat both the Army and Navy by the same maximum score to retain the title. In fact, the Airmen dropped only two sets in their 12-0 total victory.

Not surprising really, considering that included in their team were Billy Knight, the Davis Cup player, Michael Davies, the brilliant Welsh boy, and G. E. Mudge, on the fringe of international honours.

The Army, captained by N.R. Lewis to back them up in the Doubles. The RAF also Pickard, first of all beat the Navy, and the outstanding feature of the encounter was the match between Pickard and the Navy Champion, W. W. Threlfall, which Pickard won at 7-5, 6-8, 7-5 after Threlfall had led 3-1 in the final set.

Pickard quite failed to hold Knight in the Army-RAF meeting and was beaten 6-1, 8-6 by some of the best lawn tennis of the week. Pickard, however, achieved that unusual feat of taking five games in succession off the Davis Cup man.

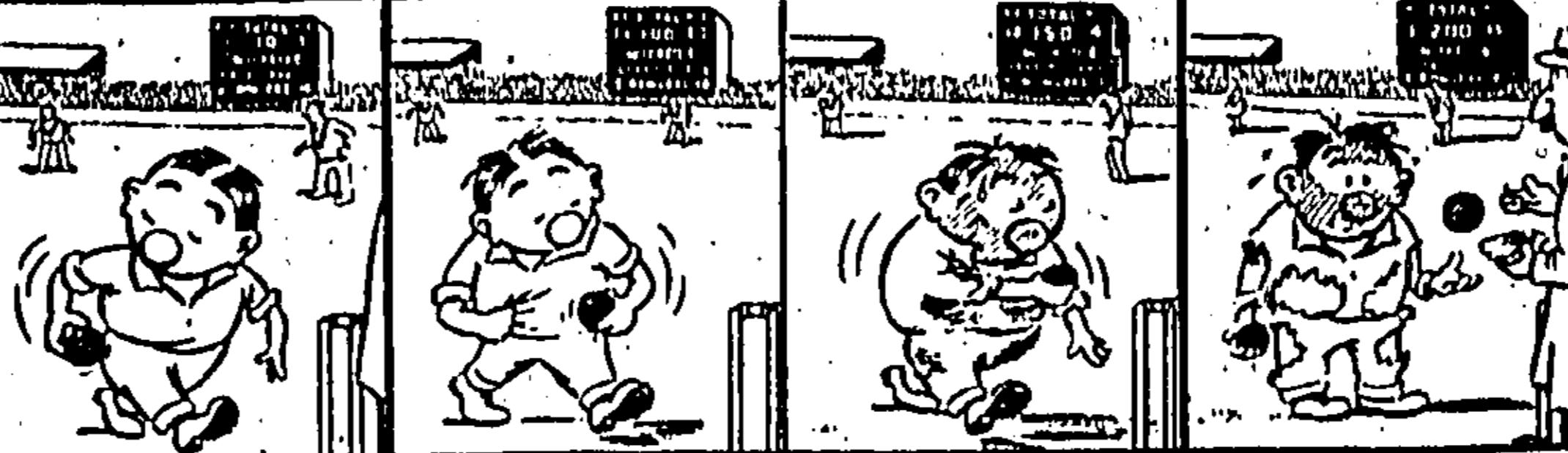
In the RAF-Navy match Knight took a love set from Threlfall, but when he relaxed in the second set, Threlfall took four games in a row. There was never any doubt, however, who would win.

Knight, who was the outstanding player of the week, had just previously won the RAF Individual Championship, beating Davies in the final. He took the title for the loss of only eleven games in twelve sets, and the benefit of his winter in Australia was apparent throughout the tournament. Threlfall, by the way, won the Navy title for the fourth year in succession.

The Women's Inter-Services Championship was taken by the Women's Royal Army Corps with eight wins. The Wrens and WRAF had five wins apiece. The WRAC beat the WRNS 4-2 and the WRAF by the same margin to retain the title.

Major Dudman, Hon. Secretary of the Army Lawn Tennis Association told me that the destination of the Championship was obvious before the tournament started, as, of course, it was with Knight and Davies in the RAF ranks to sweep the "blades" and with Budge and

SPORTING SAM . . . . . By Reg. Wootton



### LITTLE MO ON THE WIGHTMAN CUP

## "Couldn't-win" Angela Played Like A Champion

Says MAUREEN CONNOLY

Angela Mortimer, 23-year-old English Wightman Cup star, pulled off the greatest victory of her tennis career by defeating American Champion Doris Hart.

Mortimer, who before the match said she couldn't beat Hart, was the picture of confidence. The heavy turf didn't affect her retrieving powers, nor did bad bounces discourage her efforts.



### LITTLE MO ON THE JOB

Angela Mortimer, 23-year-old English Wightman Cup star, pulled off the greatest victory of her tennis career by defeating American Champion Doris Hart.

Mortimer, who before the match said she couldn't beat Hart, was the picture of confidence. The heavy turf didn't affect her retrieving powers, nor did bad bounces discourage her efforts.

She kept plugging away, deftly placing her shots from corner to corner, and keeping Hart on the run.

Hart missed many ground strokes in the first set, which enabled Mortimer to do as she pleased. And Angela showed cleverness in mixing the pace of her shots.

#### IMPROVED FORM

The improvement over her Wimbledon form was most noticeable.

After trailing 0-2, Mortimer pulled up to 2-2, then jumped to a 4-2 lead by taking advantage of Hart errors. Games followed service, and Angela won the set after three set points.

Mortimer let down in the second set, enabling Hart to hit her stride. Doris pounded the lines and won 6-1.

Tension was in the air in the third set and both players were affected. But then Hart hit a hot streak and ran up a 5-2 lead.

Mortimer appeared nervous, seemed to stop fighting, and looked as if content to win only one set. Then her mouth struck the line and she reverted to her first-set style and pulled up to 5-5.

Hart became nervous and again began to overhit. Mortimer, like a true champion, plunged into the next game with renewed vigour and won the set with backhand drop shots.

With victory hers, Angela ran to the net, beaming and hugging her racket.

The opening match pitted Louise Brough, Wimbledon Champion, against England's Shirley Bloomer. This was Bloomer's first Wightman Cup appearance to Brough's eighth, and although the English girl put up a game fight

Brough knew too many tricks.

Employing slices, drops, and a relentless net attack, Brough hit her line ground strokes.

Brough won the match on two tactics. She dropped short shots, went up to the net behind the shot. Bloomer reached the sinking ball, she set it up for a powerful volleys.

Brough's short shots were effective but Bloomer's only

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### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. This year's series between England and Australia. Peter May led England to victory in the first two Tests. In the third and fourth Jackie McGlew took over. The South African captaincy and led the side to victory.
2. (a) Yachting, (b) Cricket, (c) Boxing, (d) Rowing.
3. Primo Carnera.
4. (a) and (b).
5. 4½ ins.

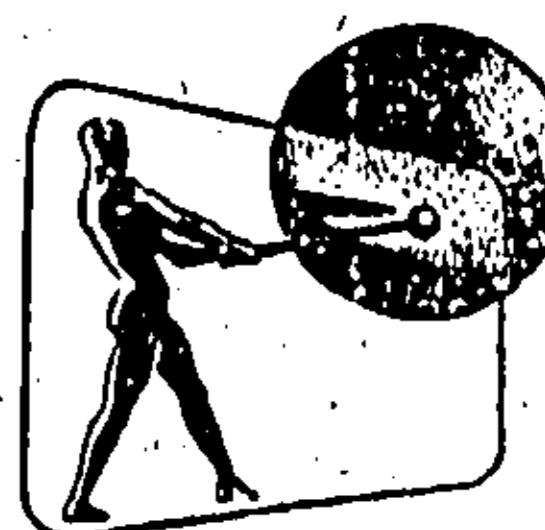
6. (a) Australian State cricket teams, (b) Women's table tennis teams, (c) American amateur boxers, (d) Skaters at Henley.
7. Joe Mercer, Tommy Lawton, Peter May, Babe Ruth.
8. 28½ ins.

9. A sword used in fencing.
10. In golf, An Albatross is three under par, an Eagle is two under par.

## Above Us The Waves

the story of one of the great acts of courage during the war.

The disabling of the Tirpitz by midget submarines as she lay deep in a Norwegian fjord is told in this exciting film of the war underwater.



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### THE WEEKEND GAMBOLES



### by Barry Appleby



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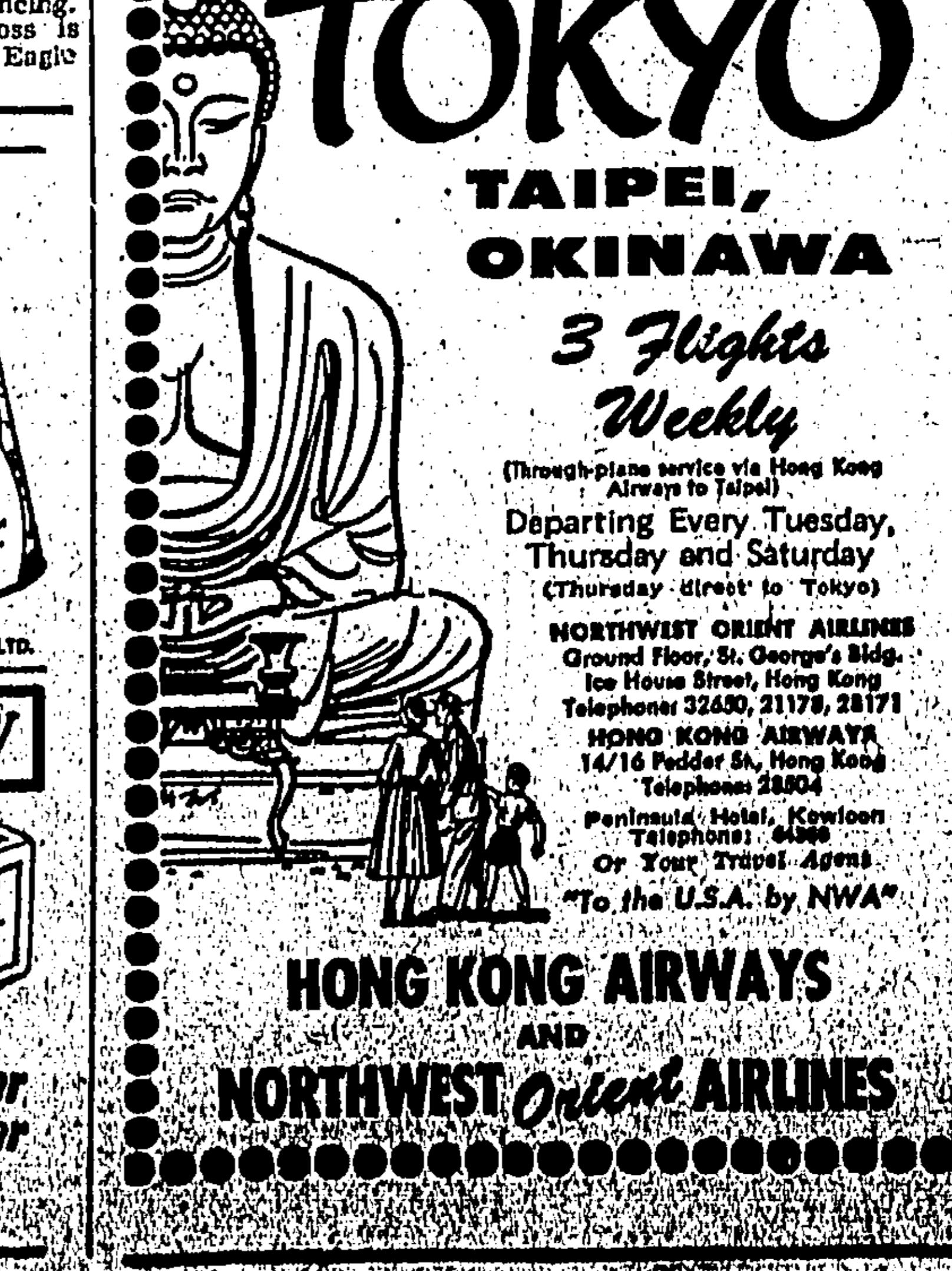
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### GOLDEN CHURN



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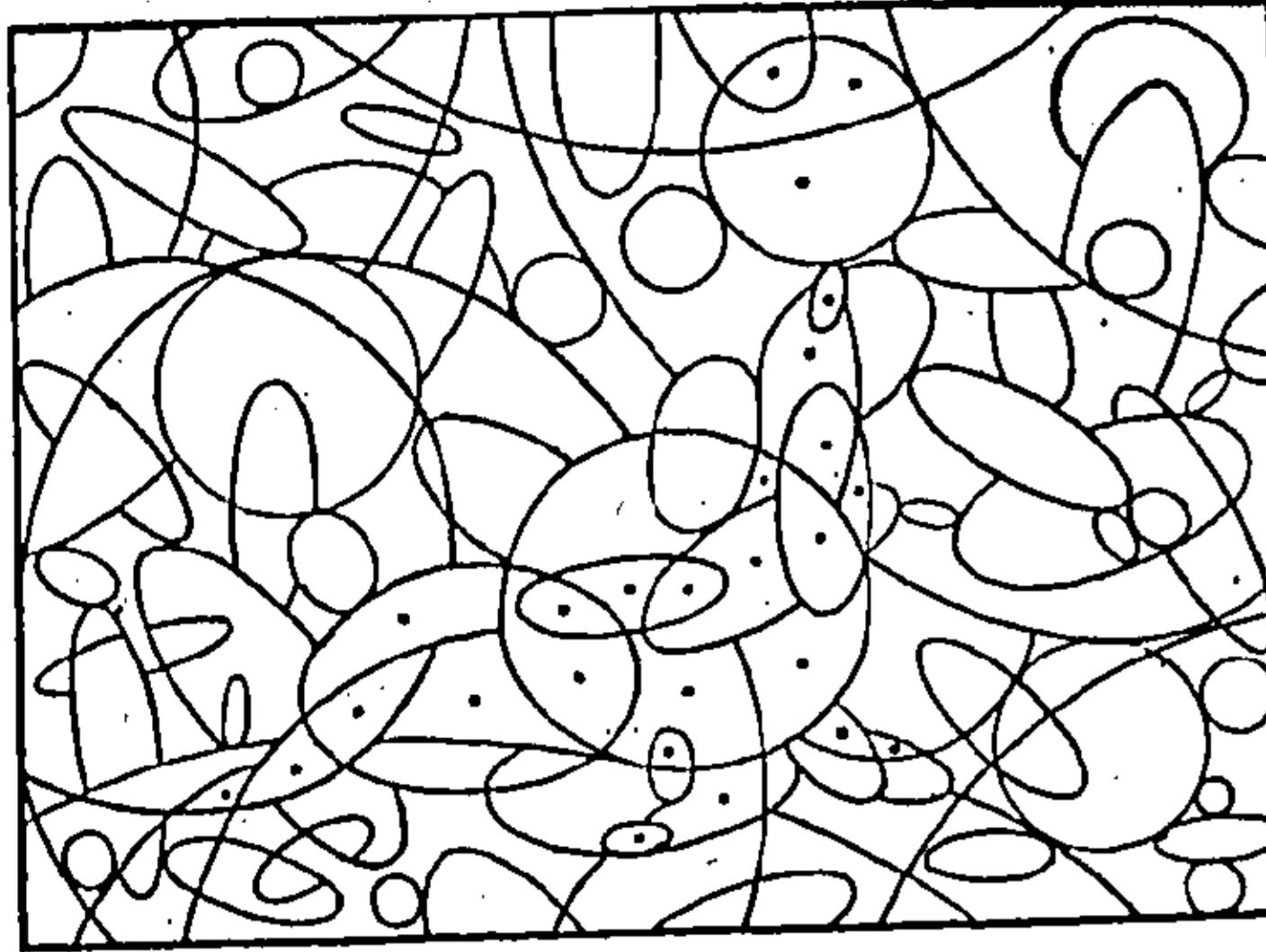
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## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## Doodle-Pic

THE NEW GAME FOR THE CHILDREN



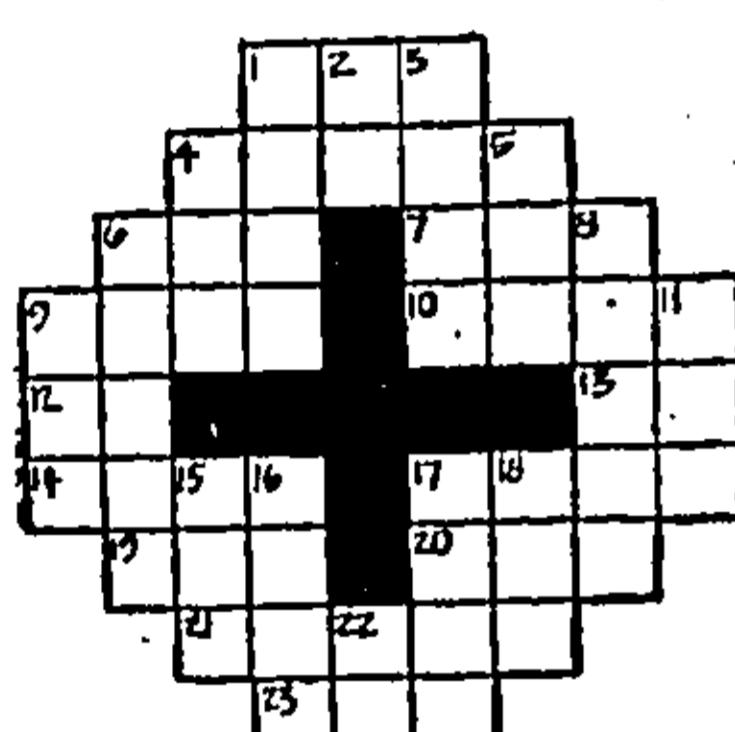
The lines in this diagram conceal a silhouette of something you all know. Can you see what it is? If not, black in with a pencil all those shapes that contain a dot.

(Solution on Page 20)

## PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLES

This week's puzzles are based on names of American Presidents.

## CROSSWORD



## DIAMOND

This diamond is centred on the fact that George Washington was a U.S. GENERAL. The second word is "a lumber"; third "a singing voice"; fifth "a direction"; and sixth is "a college cheer." Can you complete the diamond?

G  
E  
N  
E  
R  
A  
L  
GENERAL

(Solutions on Page 20)

## COME ON A WORLD CRUISE

By Myra Dixon

HOW ABOUT a trip around the world this summer? A book of how a little mountain girl brought health and happiness to Klara, the sick little rich girl from the city.

**ENGLAND** — "The Little Princess" by Frances Hodgson Burnett is a Cinderella story of a little girl who lived long ago in the London of Queen Victoria's day.

**FRANCE** — "Pancakes Paris" by Claire Hutchet Bishop tells how Charles, a poor half-starved French boy, acquires some American pancake mix and what he does with it.

**RUSSIA** — "Katrinka" by Helen Eggleston Haskell is an exciting tale of old Russia where a little peasant girl became a famous ballet dancer. She met the last Czar of Russia and his family before they were killed by the Communists in 1918.

**HOLLAND** — "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates" by Mary Mapes Dodge. This is an old favourite about how Hans and his sister tried to win the silver skates in a race on the Dutch canals.

**DENMARK** — "The Shoemaker's Son — The Life of Hans Christian Andersen" by Constance Buel Burnett, is the biography of the famous fairy tale poet. People all over the world celebrated the 150th anniversary of his birth on April 2 of this year.

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